

Light of Truth.

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TIME'S CONQUERER.

A Sequel to "Birth of Mediumship."

By SUNNY SOUTH.

"Now for a little change, and I think I shall feel better for the holiday season!" said Mrs. Truman, letting herself down with a sigh into a rocker near the grate.

"You remind me of this fire," replied Harry, poking out the ashes, "if not stirred up once in a while you want to go out—die!"

"A queer comparison, but I'd rather not have a change after that pattern."

"No, but I think you want a change in the calendar. There are too many days in the week for you."

"If you mean to imply that time hangs heavily on me, yes."

"Well, if we can discover some means of bridging time as we have done space, probably you might be served."

"I don't understand—explain yourself."

"You know, space has been overcome by the development of clairvoyance and psychometry. Now, would it not be possible by the development of some other gift or power in our being to make time appear shorter?"

"A good idea. It certainly would be a great relief to people who are compelled to lead a hum-drum sort of a life—like mine, for example. The thought of it has already made me forget my troubles."

"Then we have a cue to begin with. Employment seems to be one way of shortening time. Thinking is a mode of employment—a step higher than that of the physical. But there must be a still higher phase—something that will not weary us in the exercise—something that will prove as effectual as psychometry has in conquering or bridging space."

"I give it up!" said Mrs. Truman laconically.

"Well, if you give it up, what shall I do. You're a medium, and I thought I had but to suggest the idea, and you would do the rest."

"Yes, but mediums are not always in the spirit to answer knotty questions. Remember that mental mediums require conditions as well as physical mediums to exercise their gifts. When not under direct inspiration we must do our own thinking, and such a thought needs consideration—a difficult task after a day's labor or an evening's lecturing, as I have had. But leave it with me, and I'll try to unravel it during the night. That is, let me sleep over it."

"All right, mother, then I'll retire, and, if possible, dream on it, and we can compare notes in the morning. In the meantime I hope you will have forgotten your troubles, and may the results prove the change you are sighing for. Good night!"

When alone, Mrs. Truman began to ponder over the conversation with her son, and ere long it dawned on her that he had given her something to think about, though herself a fine medium, and much sought after on account of the good advice and comfort she could give to those in distress. But such seems to be the law. We can give others advice when we can not get any for ourselves. And Mrs. Truman was never in better spirits than when she was giving it. But no sooner was the excitement over, and she was quieted down, than a strange discontent fastened itself upon her, and made her miserable. Harry knew this, and often tried to cheer up his mother with a little humor or by asking questions of a nature that only mediums could answer, and as he had done on this occasion. He also wondered as to the cause of her discontent. But so did Mrs. Truman. She often tried to look within for a solution. She knew from experience that an aversion for certain deficiencies in other mortals were pointers to her own defects. But she had reached a stage where this ceased. At least she could harmonize with all those around her, and wondered if she was becoming accustomed to the weaknesses of humanity, or was becoming blind to her own faults. That she still had some discord, not noticeable on the exterior, however, was the secret opinion of Harry, and he was making it his business to find it, if possible. How he came to strike on the question of bridging time, must be inferred. From all appearances, however, it was a spiritual work, and Harry was the medium for carrying it out. And while Mrs. Truman is brooding over the question at issue, we will follow Harry into his apartment.

But no sooner was Harry in his room, than he began to make preparations for a night's rest, and before many minutes had passed, was snoring at a rapid rate. But while the body was insensible to its material surroundings, the soul was not. Harry, the real man of this earthly combination, arose from his physical encasement and began to wander about. Harry, too, had a sweet-heart in earth life, whom he had left shortly before he called for his mother at the Spiritualist Temple, where she had a lecture engagement. But as love like intelligence is ever active, it does not sleep, and naturally seeks its own when opportunity affords. Physical sleep releases the soul from its material environments and conventionality, and when moved by pure motives finds no difficulty in forcing its way through barred doors or stone walls. Harry thus found himself temporarily a freed man.

Laura was a name that haunted our hero in his waking hours. Now Harry was ready to haunt his Laura, as all unimprisoned spirits haunt their loved ones. Nor was he long in finding her. But he did not seek her within closed doors. He had no need to do this. Laura herself had been asleep before Harry, and was seeking him. But to her sorrow she could not find him; for Harry was not thinking of her at the time, and thus she could not trail him in her spiritual state. Harry was just then trying to solve the problem of bridging time—eternity, as it were, and so Laura got lost in the vast spiritual realms. But in her wanderings she strolled into a beautiful garden of roses, where she found a pretty trysting place. In the meantime Harry had concluded his confab with his mother, had gone to bed, and had again risen to a higher consciousness. No sooner, however, was he in the spirit world, than his thoughts were centered on Laura. The latter sensed this immediately; but being a woman, she pretended not to. She knew by the psychic influence that Harry was seeking her. Though sad but a few minutes before because she could not find him, she was now ready for a lark. But, woman-like, when assurance is hers, she does not worry.

She wanted to be mistress of the situation, and Harry could come to her, if he loved her. It was natural too, to feel that way. She only wanted another little test of his love. And as it was also natural for the positive element to seek the negative—its soul mate—Harry exercised his psychic powers in locating her. As she was thinking of him too, it did not require much effort in bridging the space that intervened. In an instant his soul was interblended with hers. And oh, the rapturous delight that coursed through two loving hearts when meeting in the purer spiritual atmosphere is not for earthly beings to enjoy! Nor can pen describe its ineffable bliss. Suffice it to say that heaven was theirs. But, oh, how short of duration was this sweetest of all spiritual enjoyments! They had hardly met, it seemed, to exchange with one another this beautiful magnetic relation, then Harry awoke, and found himself again in this prosaic world, imprisoned between four walls with the sun streaming in through the blinds. It was morning and Harry was dumfounded. To make sure that this was reality, he got up and looked at the clock. Only a short while ago it was midnight; now it was seven a. m. The flight of time had been enormous, and the dream was over. He tried to recall it with all its sweets, but he could not. Suddenly he remembered his conversation with his mother before retiring. The denouement startled him. The whole was but an answer—a solution to his problem. He had desired to find or understand the power with which the mortal could conquer time. He had found it. It was love!

Mrs. Truman, left to herself, thought a while, then concluded to retire and do her thinking in bed, and if possible, fall asleep over it. How long she pondered is indifferent. Sleep finally overcame her, and, like Harry, she, too, had a dream—a strange dream, which had a marked effect on her whole future career as a mortal.

Mrs. Truman dreamt that she was a lost wanderer, with no home, no employment, and time hanging heavily on her hands. Finally she met a troupe of men and women going in a certain direction. She ventured to inquire of one whence they were bound.

"To work for humanity," said the one questioned. "We have been born with the selfishness of past generations in our being, and in consequence have been pitying ourselves and moaning our fate instead of pitying our fellow men, who were worse off than we were; and in this condition of self-love have been inviting disease upon our bodies and misery to our souls in place of health and happiness. But now we have been led to the light by one who could speak from experience, and therefore see that our only salvation lies in working for the good of others—that this is the only mode by which we can progress and keep pace with time, or overcome it if possible. We have been inspired by the words of our teacher, because we felt it was not merely the preaching of a theory, but the heart-felt advice of one who spoke from experience. And now we are seeking a field of operation."

"I am sure opportunities can not be lacking in this wide world," answered Mrs. Truman mechanically.

"Then perhaps you can direct us where to begin," suggested the speaker as if anticipating a favorable report. Mrs. Truman was speechless. She suddenly realized that her remark was a conventional one, and hung her head in shame. She was preaching a theory and could not advise from actual knowledge. Then as if inspired by a resolution never before felt, she grasped the hands of the speaker and said: "No, brother, I do not know. I am as poor in spirit as you are. You have given me light, and have revealed to me the real cause of my own misery. I am one of you and will go with you! Let us work together! Instead of trying to solve the problem of bridging time, I will develop the power itself. Then it will be mine—for it is!"

At that instant Mrs. Truman awoke. It was morning. She rubbed her eyes, and pondered over her dream. She arose, dressed, and went down to meet Harry in the sitting-room where she was accustomed to meet him every morning. He was there. His face was beaming with joy. Mrs. Truman was earnest.

"Harry," said she with a changed though peaceful expression, "I've had a dream. The problem is solved. The power, and the only power that can conquer time is —"

"Love!" cried Harry exultantly, and interrupting his mother.

"What, have you, too, made the discovery?" asked Mrs. Truman with a look of surprise.

"Yes, but, oh, mother, I wish it were longer. Love is the most unrelenting foe that time has. It annihilates it so rapidly that we hardly have an opportunity to enjoy the sweets that intervene!"

"But I fear there is going to be more bitter than sweet before we get it," replied Mrs. Truman earnestly.

Harry's face fell somewhat. Then reflecting a moment, he said: "You are right, mother; probably I got hold of the wrong end first. But I shall not despair. I dreamt of Laura and now have realized what true love is, and to regain that joy of the soul, I am willing to undergo any trials that may come, and shall not grumble at fate. I shall live for Laura alone!"

"Well, my boy, love should govern all our motives, but our paths differ at present. I, too, have determined to cease fault-finding and thinking of myself only. But you are in the poetry of existence and everything goes well until you lose your rhythm; then comes the test which will insure you genuine happiness. Win your Laura, but cherish her throughout. Do not neglect her for your own selfish pleasures when the poetry of married life is on the wane. We have all inherited more or less selfishness from our forefathers, and this we must overcome by living or doing for others unrequited. Happiness is not gained by simply winning our own heart's desires, but by trying to gratify those of others as well. We must give as well as take, and not be ungrateful. A forgetfulness of self lifts us above the influences of matter—places us beyond the effects that time and space have on us. Not only in dreams, but in reality, I, too, have learned what real love means. It is a cause which brings divine fruitage. You can enjoy both, but do not expect the love to be all on one side. Reciprocate with kindness, tenderness, sympathy; be conscientious, and you will not have to begin a new chapter when age comes creeping on. Think and do for others; now is the accepted time; now is the time to give; for an unselfish love is the only power that can make time appear as naught—that can effectually conquer it."

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

MATTER, LIFE, AND SOUL.

HON. A. B. RICHMOND.

"Can human knowledge yet unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook?" —Milton.

We examine a machine constructed by human hands, invented by that attribute of the human mind called ingenuity. In all its complicated parts it is as perfect as the skill of man can make it. The expert mechanic can take it apart and again reconstruct it. He can trace its motion to the power that causes it; he can calculate with mathematical precision the relative force of each cam, wheel, and lever. The object or design of the device is manifest from its construction, yet nowhere does the expert find a mind among its complicated parts. It moves and acts in accordance with the object the inventor had in view when he constructed it, and it is as certain that there was a mind that preceded it as that the machine is now in existence. No part of the device can evolve thought, or suggest or direct the construction of itself, all must have been the result of a mental force outside of itself. This is true of the simplest as well as the most complicated device constructed by human hands. Every engine of motion and power lived in the minds of men before it existed in a material form. The ocean steamship, the railroad train, the electrical devices that transfer the wealth of nations from continent to continent, and transmit human thought with the velocity of thought itself. All the millions of mechanical constructions for the comfort and convenience of mankind are the offspring of mind, while the statues of the sculptor and the pictures of the artist are but the carved and painted thoughts of form and beauty that existed in the unseen realm of mentality before they lived in form or color.

Is it not evident then that there is an invisible kingdom of the immaterial as well as a visible one of matter? That they are as distinct and separate from each other as the thought of the potter is from the clay he moulds on his revolving wheel? And that while the realm of mentality is boundless in its extent and uncontrolled by mechanical forces, that of matter is governed alone by the laws of attraction and repulsion. Two forms of matter placed contiguous to each other are first attracted then repelled by a force easily calculated by the formulas of science, while the expansive power of thought defies the rules of scientific calculation. Is it not evident that matter is the obedient servant of mind and not its parent? That thought is the sovereign whose mandates matter obeys within the boundaries of natural laws, as a slave obeys the will of his master. Is it not also evident that all forms of the material universe must have been directed by a mind that had a purpose, and that executed that purpose with infinite wisdom? Between inanimate matter and life there is an unbridged chasm. We see matter and we perceive life, two separate and distinct existences, the one an entity the other a phenomenon, but we can see no cause for the existence of the last because of the first, for we know that matter may exist without life, yet life can only manifest itself through matter, but this does not prove that it is a potentiality of matter any more than that the conception or thought of the artist is a potentiality of the painting he executes. There is no visible connection between the thing and the thought, or between the animate and inanimate; therefore do we see two creations or existences—matter and life. We also see life and intelligence, and here too is there an unbridged chasm as wide and impassable as that between matter and life. Intelligence can only manifest itself through matter and life, yet it is distinct from either. Intelligence has consciousness. It is something because it can do something; that is, it can take cognizance of both life and matter, which neither of them can do without its aid. Here, then, is a trinity in every living animal—matter, life, and intelligence.

Now the intelligent consciousness of man is different from that of the animal. The presence of a human mind is as easily recognized by its manifestations as is the different forms of material objects. When therefore we see it manifested by its peculiar "ear marks," we know it is there. It matters not how it makes its presence known, whether by sight, sound, or written word, we know it is there as well as we know the presence of a physical object by sight alone.

If in the seance-room we receive a communication that evinces intelligent consciousness; that remembers the events of the past and narrates them; that manifests the loves and friendship of the past, or mental attributes of one who long since passed away, then we must be certain that that one yet lives and is communicating with us. If we know that no potentiality of matter could thus remember and narrate incidents known only to one personality other than ourselves, we must know that we are in the presence of a human intelligence whose form is unseen, yet whose consciousness or personal ego is there. And when this intelligent force describes its former earthly home, asserts its identity by name and incidents familiar to us we can not doubt if we would. Science may postulate, premise, and reason as it will, yet will the fact exist. Our consciousness of the presence of another consciousness that once lived and loved by our side will assert its convictions, and all that "saint, sage, or sophist ever wrote" can not contradict this indisputable evidence of a future life, and of spirit-return and communication.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

CHRISTMAS AND A CRITICISM.

WILLARD J. HULL.

Of all the charming qualities of man the impulse to give to others is the most beautiful; and if there were no such day as Christmas it would be eminently proper that a day for this purpose be set apart in our calendar the same as Memorial Day or Fourth of July. I have never seen anything in the custom of gift-giving and taking to link it particularly with the Christians' redeemer. Custom has done all in this direction which gives to the day any particular religious character. There are many thousands of infidels and Spiritualists who observe the day only in its character of gift-bestowing. They would be as cheerful in this direction on any other day as on the 25th of December, if it should be the custom. Like a certain period when rest and recuperation are demanded by the physical and mental organisms, so a certain period is demanded when the heart's best love may be symbolized in gifts. Children would love Santa Claus just as much if he came on Washington's birthday as on the reputed birthday of

Jesus. I recollect when I was a boy that my father bought me a pair of skates for which I had been longing, and indulging in glowing pictures of bumps and sprawls on the ice, and on Christmas morning he came to my bed and gave them to me. I have never been able to determine, when thinking the matter over, that Jesus or Christmas cut much of any figure in the gift of those skates. I cut something of a figure when I got on to the ice, besides a large cavity in my pantaloons. But I thanked my kind father and knew that the Lord had enabled him to buy the skates in just the proportion that he produced the price of them.

I have never been able to get rid of the idea that the Lord provides provided we hustle. For this reason I have never attached any great religious significance to Christmas. But that it is a happy time, a few hours set apart whereby we may throw off self and bask in the happiness we help others to enjoy. This is and ever must be the chief charm of Christmas.

But with all this in view there is one enormous misapplication in the methods employed and the customs exhibited in the festival of Christmas. Vast sums of money are spent in gew gaws and worthless trifles which, with a little forethought and judgment, might be expended in better ways. A great deal of poverty might be alleviated in this way. A bit of spare rib or a ton of coal is a good deal better for a poor man with a family than the prayers of those who load each other with Christmas finery. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are expended by merchants in answer to the demands of a frivolous, thoughtless holiday trade. The rich buy costly things for the rich, the poor try to ape them, while the very poor, the actually suffering classes get little or nothing.

Therefore it is easy to see that while we are praising the custom of giving there is much to criticize. I have a well-grounded notion that if Jesus Christ bestows any attention on the annual festival that bears his name, he is filled with a prolific disgust at the picture of the modern Dives and Lazarus held up to view on Christmas. Reader, what do you think about it?

(Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.)

PEACE ON EARTH.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

As I sit in the quiet of my home this stormy night and listen to the howling winds, sighing around the eaves and sighing away across the snow-clad fields, away over the tossing branches of the frozen trees, there comes to my soul a great wave, as though borne by the bitter winds from all the earth, of woe and pain; of grief and despair; of struggling against fate; thirst and hunger. Two thousand years since the angels sang in the bright heavens of Palestine, "Peace on earth and good will to men." Twenty centuries of effort to make practical the divine gospel of love, and still selfishness is triumphant and owns the earth! Still in a world of plenty, with plethoric harvests that burst the granaries, and rot in the field, there is gaunt famine, and millions go to their hard beds to-night hungry for a crust. Little children know not what it is to have enough, and while warehouses are packed high with mouldering garments, their forlorn rags scarce conceal their emaciated bodies. I see them shivering over the bits of coal gathered from garbage heaps, crowded together to give each other warmth.

Then comes with another gust, the sorrows of grief, the loss of friends, the aching heart that suffers until benumbed by pain, and mechanically gathers itself up to go on, leaving hope and joy behind.

There are to-night ten thousand times ten thousand such, and there is no balm.

There are endless processions marching on of those who have failed and lost their places in the line. Incompetency, rascality of those trusted in affairs; the incalculable interference of the elements; a thousand causes, avoidable or beyond human control, have brought disaster, and ambition once starward has sunk into the dull effort to exist. The laborer once proprietor of himself looks around his scanty table, and would feel shame comparing it with other days had not merciful fate, calloused his feelings. His cabin is in the shadow of villa where the sons and daughters of wealth waste in riot in a single night the earnings of his hands for his longest lifetime.

From afar there is reflected a starving people, millions and millions stricken by pestilence, and given over to the merciless hands of Winter, and beyond them on the borders of the Arctic sea the exiles of Siberia, nobly born and reared, to suffer daily death, and show how much agony the human soul can bear.

The penal colonies, the prison-cells, the reeking cages for confinement of human beings, from these come sobs of contrite grief, groans of despair and the snarl of venomous rage. From twenty thousand souls in our own bright land, shut behind prison walls, come these mingling notes. Punishment, just in the sight of law and the ethics of Christianity, but who can help pitying? Who with heart help sympathizing with these poor, dwarfed, and blighted results, of social conditions? To punish! Justice inflicts not punishment, except for reformation; not to avenge, but reform. Oh, divine love! where art thou when these are driven to their cells, with cropped locks and harlequin clothing, that they may feel the bitterness of infamy and disgrace, and be branded with the mark of Cain—branded so deeply that even after the punishment has been inflicted the finger of scorn is constantly pointed and the sneer of mankind follows them to the grave!

It is Christmas tide! and there should flow around us an ocean of love. There should not only be glad hearts, but all hearts should be glad. Will it be so in some millennial age?

But now there comes before me a vast army, legion on legion flowing away into the clouds of the distance; the wretched, the despairing, the hungry, and the destitute; the vagabond, and the criminal; the broken-hearted; the hopeless, the sorrowing; oh what a host swept by the blizzard wind!

Is it Christmas tide? Is the day the old day when we gathered our children around us, and the joy at the presents given and received was like the breath of Eden?

They have Christmas trees of their own now on farther shores, and the sigh of the Winter wind replaces their laughter. The old time will return never more.

Is it Christmas tide? Were I the Infinite Power, at least for this one time there should not be one soul cold or hungry, grieving or despairing. Once in all the wide world should it be true that peace on earth and good will to man had come.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

LED TO THE LIGHT.

The publisher of the *LIGHT OF TRUTH* has secured from Hudson Tuttle the manuscript of a story with the above title which will run through this paper for several months. For intense interest of plot it challenges comparison with the most highly wrought fiction, and at the same time gives profound explanation of the most mysterious psychic phenomena. It is a thrilling tale of honest purpose struggling against the environment of education, social position, and domestic relations; of the outcropping of hereditary taints, and certainly of the stream of life bearing ancestral sins to remote generations in whom they appear as inexplicable criminality. Into the narrative is woven a discussion of the laws of heredity; the theory of evolution and its spiritual aspect, and of nearly every phase of mediumship, both the false and the true. The characters are silhouetted against a black background of infamous purposes and revolting crime; and the moral of the story is not only to show how its hero was led, but to lead the reader also to the light.

Extra large additions of all the numbers containing this remarkable story will be published, but we can not anticipate the demand in that manner, and the only certain way to receive all the numbers is to subscribe now.

The *LIGHT OF TRUTH* offers attractions found in no other publication. It is unique in the field it occupies, and a mirror of the best thought in the most advanced fields of research. Reports of Lectures, contributions from the ablest writers in America and Europe; a Woman's Club; a department devoted to the Progressive Lyceum; a Free Circle giving messages from departed friends, and editorials, with carefully gathered reports of societies, and movements of lecturers are its leading attractions.

We hope, therefore, it will behoove our subscribers to interest themselves in our behalf, and each one make it his or her business to obtain at least one additional subscriber for us. This would materially aid us, and spiritually help the cause of Spiritualism and humanity at large. For it certainly must have dawned on our readers by this time that the *LIGHT OF TRUTH* is a paper worthy of being recommended to others who believe as they do, and every reader should feel an inward gratification in being able to do a good deed that costs but a few words or a minute's consideration.

Written for the *LIGHT OF TRUTH*.

CHRISTMAS.

F. H. BEMIS.

That such a person as Jesus of Nazareth lived upon this earth about the beginning of our Christian era, and that we have in the main a trustworthy record of his life and teachings there is no good reason to doubt. Any one who will take the trouble to candidly investigate the evidences of the authenticity and genuineness of the four gospel narratives concerning him, will, I think, conclude that there are the best of reasons for believing they were written by the persons they purport to be written by, and with slight exceptions the events occurred as narrated.

We believe, of course, that such stories as the miraculous conception are mythical. In no other sense was Jesus begotten by the Holy Ghost than that all men are begotten by the Holy Ghost. He came in the order of nature. He was a real and not a mythical or ideal Christ. But as to his nativity—the day or year of his birth no one knows. The date is irrecoverably lost. Clement of Alexandria, one of the most learned of the Christian fathers, who lived and wrote at the beginning of the third century, says: "There are those who with over-busy curiosity attempt to fix not only the year, but the day of our Savior's birth, who, they say, was born on the 25th of the month Pachon," that is the 20th of May. "Some say he was born on the 24th or 25th of the month Pharmathi," that is the 19th or 20th of April. As to the precise year of his birth authorities seem to point to from three to five years prior to our common Christian era. So no one knows the day, the month, or the year when Christ was born. It seems quite certain that he was not born with our Christian era, nor on the 25th of December. The shepherds were not abiding with their flocks on the Judean hills at that inclement season of the year.

Our present Christmas festival dates from about the middle of the fourth century. There is no historical mention of its observance in the first three centuries. Chrysostom says (in the year 356 in his Homily on the Nativity): "It is not yet ten years since this day (Christmas) was first made known to us." He knew nothing of it, then, prior to the year 376. Various theories have been advanced as to why our Christmas festival was fixed on the 25th of December. "The day had never been observed as a festival of the nativity by Christians of the East where Christ had his birth." And the Christians in Egypt, long subsequent to the establishment of this date by the Romans, celebrated the nativity on the 6th of January in connection with the feast of the baptism. The Roman bishops, who selected this day were probably influenced by policy. Many heathen rites and ceremonies were with slight modifications adopted by the Church. Those wise and wily Christian fathers did not scruple to adopt and absorb heathen notions, customs, and festivities whenever by so doing the material prosperity of the Church was to be promoted. Evidently they did not intend the heathen world should be "wiser in their generation than the children of light." This was the season of pagan festivals. Christians were "fond" of attending and participating in these festivities. "The Roman Saturnalia or feast of Saturn was from the 17th to the 23d of December. All orders were devoted to mirth and feasting." It was a time when friends sent presents to friends. Slaves were restored to liberty and wore "caps as badges of freedom." "Wax tapers were lighted in the temples," and there were "jeasts and all sorts of jollity."

Again, the Winter solstice in the Roman calendar was on the 25th of December, and the "festival of the birth of the sun (*natales solis invicti*),—a figurative expression denoting his turning point at the tropics—one of the most celebrated festivals among the Romans," was held at this date. What could be more natural and fitting than that this festival of the sun's return to the northern hemisphere should be rechristened and adopted as the Christmas festival? By fixing the birth of Jesus at the Winter solstice when the days begin to increase and John at the Summer solstice when they began to decrease, the Church fathers could discover (as they were very fond of doing) a mystical meaning in John's words: "He must increase, but I must decrease." Then, again, the sun returning in its annual round with increasing warmth and splendor to revivify the earth, was thought emblematic of the sun of righteousness rising to illumine the world with a spiritual light which never shone on land or sea. So Whittier says:

"Let our faith which in darkness and coldness has lain,
Rejoice with the warmth and the brightness again,
And in blooming of flower and budding of tree
The symbols and types of our destiny see.
The life of the Springtime, the life of the whole,
And as sun to the sleeping ear h. love to the soul."

Perhaps it is best that our Christmas festival should have borrowed so much from other religions. It is fitting that it should absorb and incorporate into its life the innocent pleasures and unselfish spirit of the heathen festivals it supplanted. In so doing it became the world's humanity's festival. It has lost nothing, but gained much from its heathen accretions. The custom in England of trimming the dwellings and churches with evergreens is of pagan origin. It comes from Druid practices. It was believed that sylvan spirits were attracted to these Christmas evergreens, took up their abode in them, and remained sheltered from the cold till the advent of milder seasons. The custom of adorning with evergreens at Christmas time is no less Christian or beautiful because of its pagan origin. Many of the Christmas attractions and associations would be gone if it were denuded of its holly, ivy, rosemary, bay, laurel, and mistletoe adornment. Much of the Christmas revelries, merry-making, and frivolity doubtless came from the Roman festivals which it supplanted.

During the middle ages Christmas was celebrated by the gay fantastic spectacle of dramatic mysteries and moralities, performed by personages in grotesque masks and singular costumes. The scenery usually represented an infant in a cradle surrounded by the Virgin Mary and St. Joseph, by bulls' heads, cherubs, eastern magi, and manifold ornaments. In the middle ages canticles or Christmas carols were sung to recall the songs heard by the shepherds at the birth of Jesus. The bishops and clergy often joined with the populace in these carols, which were enlivened by dances and by music on tambours, guitars, violins, and organs.

"On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;
That only night in all the year
Saw the stolen priest the chalice rear."

"The heir with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose."

"England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again."

Written for the *LIGHT OF TRUTH*.

AN ANGEL OR THE DEAR CHRIST.

By Hans Christian Anderson Through the Mediumship of —

In a little town situated among the foothills of the Alleghenies dwelt a family of five, father, mother, and three children, Paul, Emma, and Oscar.

They had come scarce two years from Sweden to seek their fortunes in the new country. They had been wealthy as wealth goes in the fatherland, having broad acres on which they grew rye and fed the sleek kine. The children were at school, and when they grew older it was talked of sending them to Upsala, where the professors are among the most learned.

But an evil day came; the kine died; the rye blasted; debts that were small grew large and creditors grew hard of heart as they always do when debts are not paid, even if they do not want the money.

Then the father discovered that his wealth had disappeared by some process as mysterious as the power of Aladdin's lamp, and he had not one ore he could call his own.

Just then, most opportunely, an agent came from America and offered to pay the passage money of one hundred families to that country. In the heart of the Alleghenies was a vast leather factory and the men would be paid ten times as much for their work as they received in Sweden. The country was delightful and the mountains covered with magnificent forests which furnished the bark for the factory. The inducements to go were strong, to stay was starvation. So they came over the great tossing sea and found themselves in the village around which towered the sombre hills.

The father went to work in the tannery, where the skins of animals are converted into leather. The steaming bark had a sweet odor—the fragrance of the mountain side and resinous leaves—but the skins, piled in great heaps, from the herds of South American pampas, the plains of India, the abattoirs of the West and East were scarcely endurable to one reared in the fresh northern air. The vileness of the work and the reeking vapor, or mayhaps it was some germ hidden in the tawny skin of ox from the plains—who knows?—that entered his blood and wrought his death.

It was a sad, sad hour when the mother, leading her children, followed the plain coffin to the grave on the hillside, among rocks and scraggy trees far from her people and heard the earth gratefully fall, concealing forever the one she held most dear.

When she led them back it was to a lonely home, one from which the bread-winner had gone. The company was generous, inasmuch as it bore the funeral expenses and allowed the family to remain for the time rent free.

What can a woman with three children do? Washing, a little household work now and then, exacting labor poorly paid. Winter came with ice in his beard. December chased November from the calendar, and when Christmas approached there was little provisions and no money.

Then the mother's heart was sore, for in the fatherland, even when they were most destitute, the children were remembered by some present, small indeed, a few ore in cost, but leaving a bright place in memory, to be looked back upon with longing.

The mother put the three children to bed and tucked the blankets about them with the deft hand of tender care, and knelt by their bedside and prayed to the dear Christ for help. She told him her bitter story in plainest words, and as the children listened, for the first time they realized how hard had been the lot of their mother. She finished and they heard her low sobs. When she arose Emma whispered to Paul, "O, my brother, let us tell the dear Christ where we are, for he may not know that we have left the old home. I do not believe that he does and that is the cause of our trouble."

The children prayed and their prayers were heard, not by the dear Christ, but by a messenger who stood by the portals of the needing soul, and this messenger was the father. He already knew, but the prayers gave him strength, and he went to the village where in the store he met a wealthy citizen who was purchasing toys for his children. The father strove to impress this man, and at last succeeded. The man thought first how the father had saved him from an accident that might have been fatal, and then followed the thought of the bereaved family.

"Really I ought to remember them out of gratitude to their father," he said to himself. Then he bought each a toy.

"This is waste of money," he again soliloquized, "but children are children only once, and then they ought to be made happy. Toys are well enough, but I must get something substantial. I will get caps for the boys and a hood for the girl."

"Shoes! shoes!" came an arrowy impression.

"Bless me, can I afford it?"

"A gift to the poor is a gift to the Lord. Money you carry not with you, but good deeds, ah, they go on forever. The mother's feet that run so much are bare!" came the impres-

sion with such force that the bundle was large that, went to the widow's house.

"Nothing to eat!" again came the impression.

"True, true, and a sorry Christmas caps and hoods and shoes even with toys and nothing in the stomach! I'll stop at the grocers."

So he did, and that night a cart carried his purchases to the little red house on the hillside. The mother had served the frugal supper. It was a loaf of bread cut into three pieces, for her head ached, keeping time with her heart and she did not eat. It was unusual for a cart to stop before their door, and the children were wide-eyed with wonder when basket after basket came in.

"It is a mistake!" exclaimed the mother.

"No, no!" persisted the driver. "It is all right."

"Who sends such a royal gift?"

"I do not know, good woman, but you will see written here, 'From the Lord.'"

And so it was written.

"The dear Christ heard us!" cried Emma with the confidence of childhood assured by the result.

"Yes," replied the mother, "he always hears our prayers if we pray for things lawful unto us."

The father, a spirit, stood near and heard, but cared not that the dear Christ received the praise, for they were happy.

Written for the *LIGHT OF TRUTH*.

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

CONNA MAY MORRIS.

That such a thing as spiritual phenomena does exist, and is truly genuine, none can deny, after having made a thorough investigation or inquiry into this matter. Neither is it necessary that one must be taught this doctrine in order to become a believer in the phenomena. I had but limited opportunity to look into Spiritualism, and am thoroughly ignorant concerning its general teachings, yet I can make affidavit to the fact of having witnessed the phenomena upon various occasions, and without the aid of mediumistic presence or agency. I will briefly relate two of my experiences: My first was when a girl of perhaps some fifteen years, and before I had heard of Spiritualism.

I went in company with a school companion, some three years my senior, to spend the night with a Mrs. S., a near neighbor, and whose husband was absent upon a business trip in another part of the State. It was about ten o'clock when we retired for the night. The weather was quite cold, it being the month of January, and the window-shades were drawn, and after the light had been extinguished by our hostess it left the room in total darkness. But hardly had Mrs. S. reached her bedside before I noticed a peculiar soft light, instantaneously flood the room. I gazed upon it in wonder, and began to look about me for an explanation, and soon discovered in the opposite corner, next the ceiling, what appeared to be a ball of white, dazzling light, and almost immediately I plainly saw the outlines of a face appearing in the center of this bright circle. Each soon developed, the light growing greater in dimensions, and the face more distinct, until at last a perfect face was brought to view, and a part of the figure, that of the bust and extending to the waist.

It was but a moment after this perfect development, and this beautiful vision of a young girl, dazzling in her great beauty and fairness, came floating down, and apparently knelt by my pillow. She raised a forefinger, smiled, and playfully knitting her brows, shook her head, in admonition of silence. As soon as the face had become plainly discernible, I noticed it bore a striking resemblance to that of Mrs. S., my neighbor and hostess. And now, when a warning finger was raised and the lips parted as if to speak, the expression was almost identical, and I could have believed, without much persuasion, that I beheld Mrs. S. transformed. But I became frightened now, suddenly realizing that I was in the presence of the supernatural, and gave vent to such blood-curdling screams that both my school friend and Mrs. S. were thrown into a panic. The vision fled at the first sound of my lips, and all was darkness. I begged for a lamp to be lighted, and when at last I was composed enough to tell my story, my school companion laughed heartily, declaring that I had been asleep and had a nightmare, but Mrs. S. sat pale and frightened during my recital, and when I had concluded, said with much earnestness that I had seen her dead sister. I did not know until then that she had a sister dead.

Upon another occasion, a few years later, I attended a female prayer meeting one afternoon at the residence of a Methodist minister. There were perhaps thirty ladies present, and after a prayer or two had been offered I felt so uncomfortable in a kneeling posture that I determined to change my position. I was kneeling some two feet from the wall of the room, and facing it. As I glanced up (my head had been bowed) I was surprised to see that the wall had vanished, and in its stead an altar some six feet in height and perhaps some eight feet at the base, and was circular in form. Upon this altar, which was of alabaster whiteness and wax like in purity, stood the figure of a man. Just back of the head was an immense circle of dazzling white light, with a beautiful halo bordering the inner circle. Surrounding him were many figures of men dressed in black flowing garments, and whose stature was greater than that of men of the present day. And far off in the distance I could see extended these figures and faces, until there appeared a visible sea of faces, growing indistinct at last, as I tried to penetrate the vastness of this great concourse of people. But those near me remained life-like and plainly visible, until suddenly I realized the full significance of this strange scene before me, and once again I made the air ring with screams, and which were mistaken by my good church sisters for shouts of joy, and they gathered about me, and wrung my hand and gave me many kindly words of advice in consequence. I did not undecieve them. I felt it was no use, and they would either have taken me for a maniac or a falsifier.

In conclusion I will say in regard to this peculiar white light, which has invariably accompanied these spirit forms, is almost if not identical with the electric light, which is now so commonly used to illuminate our streets and dwellings. And knowing that electricity is one of nature's most valuable agents, and that every living and inanimate thing upon the face of the globe and in the bowels of the earth, are more or less impregnated with this wonderful, subtle thing, which is called electricity, and have often wondered whether this glorious illumination is not at least in part of the above-named agency, and of which men, even at this advanced period of the nineteenth century, know so little of.

One good thing is being done by Tammany Hall. Street after street on the East Side of New York is being coated with asphalt, and the children whose only playground, summer or winter, is the streets, have a delightful, though hazardous, place for roller skating and street games generally. This laying of a part of the new asphalt pavement in the crowded tenement-house districts, following the reduction of the price of gas to less than twice the cost of manufacture, and the establishment of night schools, enables the outside world to understand why the poor of that city prefer to be governed by the saloon keepers of their own neighborhoods rather than by the lawyers and bankers who live in another part of the city.—*Christian Union*.

Written for the *LIGHT OF TRUTH*.

LIFE BEYOND THE GRAVE.

ROSEL BUSHNELL.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
The swift-winged arrows of light.

"The thought stands guard over memory, flies to its chamber and awakens it from slumber. It survives the ordeal of death."
"I am passing strange that life a cord must sever,
Memory die, and know no more forever."

Talking with a Materialist to-day, brought to mind an hour that we stood by the bedside of a friend who was passing away. She had from early girlhood abhorred all forms of religion. She was a confirmed Materialist, having read much on that subject. Her convictions were well fortified. She was a student of nature and loved life and its pleasures. After a spasmodic pain, and untold agony, she looked up and said, "Must I die? I can not, is this awful pain death? What is this peculiar feeling creeping over me? A feeling of dumb separation, I must get up and shake off this lethargy, I can not die, oh, can you do nothing for me, must I die? It is growing dark, dark!" A loved one bent over her and whispered between his sobs, "There is another life, dear. God is good; you are in his keeping, have no fear!" She answered: "Life? Mine has just begun, and now it must close forever, there is no other, all ends with this!" She seemed to doze a few moments, then her eyes opened with a glad light of recognition. She reached her hands upward and exclaimed: "Mother, dear mother. Darling, Mamma is here, she has come for me. Oh, how beautiful she is! I am not afraid to die now; no, no!"

We knew that her spirit eyes had beheld the beacon light of the border land, and the white-winged dove of peace was hovering near; that her spirit mother had thrown aside the veil. It has been the question of the whole civilized world for ages, "If a man die, shall he live again?" More blood has been shed over this vexed question than by any other means since the world has been standing. Religious wars have almost devastated portions of the globe, and what is its avail! In the ages past, man has invented all sorts of tortures—machines to put the poor unbeliever to death, and not very remote, burning at the stake was a mere pastime for the "ye olden times" clergy. As wisdom and knowledge increased, there came some evidences (in isolated places) of immortality. The sound of angel footsteps near the dying; whisperings of loved voices from the silent shore; glimpses of dear faces long since laid beneath the coffin's lid awakened a heart-felt desire to know more of the welfare of the dear traveler to that unseen land. Spiritualism with one glad glorious smile swept away all fear, and answered: "If a man die, shall he live again?"

This short span called life is all the time there is for the spirit to expand, to gain knowledge, to grasp what there is even in nature's storehouse necessary to know, to appreciate the stray glimpses of happiness; to meet the inevitable law of change, sorrow, disappointment, and wrong, doubts, and fears, and at last be made aware that dissolution is taking place within the body, and that the body must perish; the spirit to take a leap in the dark, unfathomless ocean of nothing; if this is the soul's destiny, its beginning, its ending, there must be a great and awful mistake somewhere in the domain of the first great cause. How vain, indeed, would be all earthly ambitions, all earthly projects, all anticipations, and hopes; gladness and love but a mockery! Immortality's great light has given to death a majesty, has made him a welcome visitor to those who have the assurance of a future existence—who have heard the whispers of spirit voices from the silent shore. Thousands will attest to facts and evidences of spirit manifestation through media and occult power! The passage to the grave has been garlanded with white flowers of peace, as loving arms reached out to the timid one crossing the divide. Although old theology, looking through dark glasses, says, "Nay, nay, that white-robed angel you see is the devil." It fails to see phenomena of a life beyond the grave though an angel stand by. Positive demonstrations have proven to millions that man surely survives the ordeal of death. Should the many unsuccessful experiments to prove that Spiritualism is false be arraigned against the successful ones, which side would win the battle in the opinion of science? The spiritual philosopher replied: "What is the so-called Christian revelation but spirit phenomena not rightly understood?"

Among the unlettered, unlearned tribes of all lands there are evidences of a life beyond the grave, and a belief that their weird chantings over their dead is a passport for their safety to a happier land. If on the borderland beacon-lights are set whose rays will guide the traveler home, what must be the gladness rays of the glittering walls that light the New Jerusalem, whose dome and watch-tower resounds with the sweet voices of our best departed songsters, whose amber floors are pressed by the feet of the immortal poets, Burns, Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Byron, and good old Carlyle, and a host of others equal in verse and sentiment, and those much loved and revered of recent years, who have but just opened their eyes on the resplendent beauties of those towers and flower-decked landscapes of the spirit world, where they were met with loving greetings as devoted fathers greet their children, and the glories of heaven pointed out to them? The eyes of the blind have been opened by actual demonstrations of immortality, and can through progression expand in power and wisdom to be as gods, as there is no limit to the soul of man. How unsurpassed in loveliness is the spirit-form that emerges from the body that has made its stay therein one of progression, happiness, and wisdom, and crowned its evening of life with charity and love. It sings a triumphant song of joy and praise to the giver of all perfect gifts, and as it walks the flower-laden paths of the garden of God it listens to the anthem, "well done thou good and faithful," welcome home forevermore.

Life can not be lost when once it is found.
Its change is through darkness and death's weary night,
It awakes when the songs of eternity sound
That guides it from shadows of heaven's glad light.

Friendship.

What is friendship? I will tell you:
Eyes that weep for others' wrongs,
Shoulders bearing others' burdens,
Lips repeating others' songs.

Friendship is a chain, embracing
Rich and poor, and young and old;
Even the beggar child may fondly
Touch in awe its links of gold.

Friendship is the heart's devotion,
By warm, loving acts confessed,
Thinking trials only pleasures,
If they give a loved one rest.

Friendship is a sweet compassion,
When brave courage is unmanly,
Asking naught, but trusting fully,
Quick to soothe and understand.

—*Jewish Messenger*.

"It is impossible for a woman or girl to enter the confessional and come out pure, and just as impossible for a man or woman who kneels to a Roman Catholic priest to be a true American citizen." So says ex Romanist Leyden.

Spirit Message Department

OUR FREE CIRCLE.

Every Tuesday Afternoon.

At Douglas Hall, corner Walnut and Sixth streets. Doors open at 2:30. No one admitted after services have begun. Questions to be answered from the rostrum will be received upon these conditions: 1. They must be germane to spiritualism. 2. Must contain no enquiry only. 3. All personalities must be avoided. 4. The name of the questioner must be attached. 5. C. C. Smith, Chairman. Mrs. A. E. Kiley, Medium. Mrs. J. C. Smith, Secretary.

It is in justice to both the spirits and medium we would be pleased to have our friends verify each message as they may happen to receive. All communications concerning this department and questions from abroad must be addressed to C. C. Smith, 206 Race Street, Cincinnati, O.

REPORT OF SEANCE.

Tuesday, December 13, 1892.

PROLOGUE.

Friends, this dark day clouds surround you, and the sunshine is hidden, but still the spirits with all their love bring to you their sunshine from their side of life. They press close beside you this afternoon, trying to cheer and comfort some who are in sorrow, trying to lift the burden off others who are perplexed by the circumstances which surround them, and each one who comes to you, comes to help you up and out of the darkness into the light, trying to teach you some new truth, or to put into your lives some new song that may cheer you throughout the darkness of earth's day. While the loved ones are passing so close beside you, trying as best they may to help each one, we desire that you open wide the door, that you may cast aside prejudice, doubt, and fear, and look up into the face, as it were, of the loved ones, and stretch forth your hands to clasp theirs. There is no death. The grand beauties which surround you are eternal. The flowers which seem to pass away, bloom in a brighter sphere, and so the spirit, freed from the material body, lives on and on, gathering unto itself day by day more knowledge. They come again into your home lives that they may impart this knowledge to you, never for one moment forgetting you, and as they grow wiser and gather more of the great love of the Father, return and bind themselves closer to you.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

QUES.—What benefits should the medium derive from Spiritualism?

ANS.—If you approach my instrument after I have left her and ask her what benefits she has derived from her mediumship, she would tell you that it was happiness. It has lifted from her heart sorrow. It has placed within her mouth a new song, and whilst she walks through this earth life and trials assail her, she knows that the angel friends stand beside her, guarding and guiding and sustaining her. What if mediums are persecuted; what if the world turns the eye of scorn upon them—would they give up that grand knowledge which is brought to them day by day by those who control their lives? Would they give it up for all of this world? Friends, you cast your stones against solid rocks—you must slay the body only to free the spirit, but you cannot harm a medium. You cannot harm that spirit if it has with it guides that are true and teach them the true life, guides that watch them that no evil befall them. But if mediums were assailed by spirits that are not true, by spirits that would drag them down, then are they to be pitied. There are a few of those upon your planet who are thus treated. But they give themselves up to influences which are detrimental to them, and they seem to close the door against all higher influences, against those who would lead them up and out of such conditions. But, friends, many times you have heard some great man talk about Jesus and the great beauties of a higher life, and have been appalled when this man fell. What was the cause? Was it the fault of that man? Was it the fault of that God which he worshipped, or was it the weakness of the man? O, friends; whatever your walk in life, you must know that in the same pathway walk virtue and sin. Guard against all that which seem bad. Listen not to the voice which will tempt you from the way of virtue. Listen not to the voice which tempts you to do that with your lips which will destroy your body. But every day and every hour send out the prayer or sincere desire that the loved ones who surround you will guard and guide you and help you overcome the many temptations which may assail you, and through this you will keep protected. Every medium who will ask of the higher intelligences protection will have it. Friends, I could not tell you all the good to be derived from mediumship. It teaches you to conquer self. It will take one who is quick-tempered, quick to speak the bitter word, and teach him to overcome it. It will make such calm and peaceful, and those things which troubled them but a little while ago will be as naught to them, for they will realize that whatever comes to them comes for individual development.

QUES.—How can we best advance the cause of Spiritualism publicly?

ANS.—By living a pure and true life. And you who lay claim to spirit-communication, you who claim to be taught from the angel world, are being closely watched. Friends, it behooves each and every one of you to be careful. You should live every day to your highest knowledge of right. You should be watchful even over the thoughts which enter and leave your mind. You should be careful to live up to this high philosophy, which is taught from day to day from the spiritual rostrum. You should listen attentively to all the advice which is brought from the spirit side of life, that you bring not disgrace upon the cause which you love, for if you have received a higher knowledge, then you should be enabled to live a higher life, and there is not one man who is a true Spiritualist who dares to be wrong. Not one. So, friends, if you desire to aid the cause of Spiritualism, live right, prove that you overcome selfishness, envy, and hatred, and let the world see upon your countenance that brightness which comes to each and every being who claims to be in communion with spirits.

QUES.—What is the difference between the natural man and the spiritual man?

ANS.—The man or the ego is the spirit; the body is the house wherein the spirit dwells. If the man is one who follows out the higher laws he is a spiritual man, for he follows the direction of the higher influence which is in him—he follows out the divine law. The perfect natural man must be a perfect spiritual man. But you will ask me why there is such a difference in men, and I will answer you, "because of the conditions which surround them." There is no one upon the earth sphere to-day who is perfect. There is no one, not one spirit incarnated in the body that lives up to the highest of its knowledge. Sometimes a man may be to blame for this, and sometimes he may not. There may be circumstances surrounding this man or this spirit, for you are as much of a spirit to-day as you ever will be and you are living in the material body. You live in this house, it is but the covering. It is the house wherein you dwell, and possibly may stand in a place where it is impossible to develop the spiritual life as much as you might under other circumstances. No man is to blame for the place wherein he has been born. No man is to blame for the education he has received, but if he does not try to rise above his surroundings he is to blame for not developing the spiritual which is within him. Some are so cramped, however, by circumstances which so press them and hold them down that they can not give full expression to the

divinity within. They seem to be oppressed not only by domestic troubles, but by business affairs as well. They seem to forget that there is aught but this life. So any spirit, or man, may have so wedded himself to influences which are earthly that he can not break away from them. But my friends, if you desire to be a natural or perfect man, look into nature and see wherein you are at variance with her, and wherein you break the law, and see if you have put your house in order. See if you have kept yourself pure, and if you have violated in any way the law of nature, and if you have, then see that you set it right immediately. The spiritual man is what you make of him. If you were to-day liberated and were to ascend into the spirit realm, you would be just the same as you were here, for the change called death does not change the man. If you walk out of this hall into the ante-room, you are the same man; so when you leave this house the spirit is just the same as it was in the body. The higher you develop yourself spiritually, the more perfect you become; the more you understand the laws which surround you, and the better you can use the laws of nature. And friends, whatever you do be very careful to keep this temple, wherein the spirit of God dwells, pure. You are a part of that spirit; you are a part of the universal whole, and you should be exceedingly careful to do honor to yourself as well as to your brother, that the spirit may be so fully developed as to be enabled to grasp the grand beauties of the spirit realm. The world wherein you live is beautiful. All that surrounds you is beautiful, but you have learned to look sometimes with blinded eyes upon the beauties of nature, you have turned aside from the highways and entered into the by-ways, and you have become blinded to the grandeur of this life which surrounds you, and while you look out into the earth plane and see so many things which distress you, you probably never looked within to see whether you are to blame for the conditions which surround you. Do you ever question yourself as to whether you have not thrown out some thoughts, or done some acts which bring this about? Friends, if, on self-examination, you find you are not living up to your highest, turn around, teach yourself that you may be more perfect. Ask those on the spirit side of life to aid you, and they will give you that by which you may be enabled to become so.

QUES.—When in war or railroad wrecks, heads, arms, and legs are severed from the body, how are they restored to the spirit, and how does it effect the spirit, and how long is it before the restoration is effected?

ANS.—When you meet with an accident, remember you lose the physical limb. The spiritual limb is there. If any of you have friends who have been so unfortunate as to lose a limb, in conversation with them they may possibly tell you that at times they feel a pain in the limb which is gone. Now, friends, what does this mean? It means that this spiritual limb is still attached to that spiritual body, and there is no time needed for restoration. The physical body will be put into the ground and will return to the elements whence it came, but this spiritual body will enter into the spirit realm promptly, for there is no loss to the spirit, for it endureth forever. And friends, when you look at some one as you pass them by, and your soul goes out in pity, remember that they will not present the same conditions on the spirit side of life. The deformity will be all gone and the spirit will be there in perfect form, not one thing lost. And although I feel coming up from the audience a question, "how is it when they return to us in the seance, they come to us without the limb and present the same deformed body that they had when they lingered upon the earth plane?" I must say that should they come to you in the more perfect way, you would not accept them. You would say, my friend has lost a limb; or an eye; and so they return to you as you knew them. But when you enter the spirit realm, meet them, and see them in all their beauty and perfectness, then you will rejoice and see that which is the real can not be marked by accident or disease.

QUES.—In what sense other than theological may Jesus be considered the Savior of the world?

ANS.—Have you closely studied the light as presented in the New Testament? Have you studied it well? What were you taught by the Church of Jesus? We are taught that he lived a perfect life. Yes, I taught when I sojournd on the earth plane among men that Jesus Christ lived a perfect life. If you will go home and open your New Testament, which is the life of Christ, and there read the works of this man, if you will understand, or if you can understand how Jesus gave up all for the love of humanity, how he wandered through Jerusalem, how he called unto him the lowly, the poor, the sick, the distressed, the despised; how he taught the disciples to do good unto all mankind; if you read this and then follow the example of this man, he will be your savior. The death of one man can not save you. Would you have it so? Is there any one of you to-day who would have a Jesus die to save you? Is there any one here that would cause that good and holy man to suffer again? Is there any one here who is willing to throw the burden upon Jesus? I answer no. Every one of you here this afternoon feels willing to work out your own salvation, feels willing to do that which is right for right's sake, feels willing to help your brother for the love you bear your brother. Friends, when each one of you can say you will do that which is right; leave all selfishness behind; follow the example of the lowly Nazarene; go out and do good to all mankind, forgetting self; love your brother as yourself, you may compare with him. When you are living your highest, and can share with your brother your love; can look upon him who hates you with love or pity, then you are following the example of the lowly Nazarene, and you can say with your brother, "I and the Father are one, for the Father is in me and I am in Him." For as you develop the spiritual and divine principles within you, you draw nearer and nearer unto God.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

Charles Howard.

Well, this is a surprise to me. I am here, and as I look around me I wonder. As I look down into the minds or souls of you who sit here, I wonder. When I lived on the earth I did not care much about the hereafter. I thought one life at a time was enough for me. Some thought me a very bad man, and others that I was an ignorant fellow. I was even misunderstood by those who were nearest and dearest to me. Because I was not always understood was no fault of mine. I come here this afternoon that a love-message may go to those whom I love—that my wife may know that I live, and that my only daughter may know that her father lives. Just say that Charles Howard, the big wheelman, was here from New Orleans, and that he sent his love to his wife, his three sons and one daughter.

Harry R. Wilson.

Good afternoon, friends. I would like to express myself this afternoon, not because I have not visited my dear ones, for I visit them every day, but the door is closed and I can not get in. They seem not to know me. If I happen to make a little noise, they have five hundred excuses or explanations for it. It is never Harry Wilson, but always something else. I want them to know that while I come and go, I sometimes help them, all unknown to themselves. Now, Brother Charlie would never have got out of that scrape if it had not been for me, but I got right down into that lawyer's head and made

him know about it. He was led into that scrape, but I am not going to tell you how it was, but he will know when he reads the paper. O, how queer it is that when some of you are talked to, and I talked to, you will say it is all uncertain I passed out with pneumonia, and I want my loved ones to know that I am here. Charlie is all right, if he has gone to Texas. My mother's name is Mary. Goodbye. I am from Atlanta, Ga.

Henry Lutz.

I am here from Lagrange, Ind., for a purpose, and one in the audience will understand why I am here. I want you to go on. It does not make any difference what the people over in Indiana say about it, it is all right. I want you to know that when I come to you I am always here to help you, and shall guard and guide you all the way through. I bring John with me, and he also will help you. If a cloud should come in the pathway and be so dense as to prevent you seeing through it, do not despair. It will disappear again and the sunlight break forth. I also desire that you send my love to the dear ones in the distance, and reserve a large portion for yourself, and feel sure of my guarding care. I want the message sent to those in Ft. Wayne.

Frank Jones.

I come to bring my love to my wife. Tell her I am often with her and love her still. I am from this city.

Sarah R. Hutchins.

I desire to say a few words that they may be carried away to loved ones in a distant place. I want them to know that Sarah, their mother, still guards and guides them with her protecting love. I want them to know that whatever condition may surround them in this earth life they can not outlive a mother's love. They can do nothing that would turn the mother away. I want them to know that Martha will never be any better, but will come to us shortly. Grieve not, it is better so. Tell Harry not to neglect that which he promised me before I passed over, and may my love be more fully understood by your father than it was when I lived in the earth life. I am from Kansas City, Mo.

Florence Moore.

Father, I am with you every day. I love you. O, Tom, can I tell the love I bear for you. Know that the sorrows through which you have passed on the earth plane have but brightened your spirit, and by and by we will be united on this side of life. There are four on the spirit side waiting for you. I am from Cincinnati.

John A. Collins.

Friend: I am glad to be here this afternoon. I am glad to see this circle formed in the city of Cincinnati. Whilst I lived upon the earth plane I was engaged in spiritual work. It was very near to my soul, and as I look down into this room to-day and view the upturned faces and see the anxious hearts and hear, as it were, the cry going out into the spirit world for more light, more help in this day when there seems to be gathering from the north and south, the east and west, a cloud, although possibly not larger than a man's hand, I am rejoiced that it is welcomed. And as I stand here this afternoon, using a woman for my mouthpiece, I would say work hard, work well, and know that right, justice, and truth must conquer in the end. I will not detain you longer but will say I hope to see this circle grow larger every time it meets. I hope that each one of you will come forward and continue to sustain this circle. I hope you will all learn the great lessons of love that are taught from the spirit side of life. I am from San Francisco, Cal.

Ester Williams.

As was said by the brother just left, Spiritualism is also dear to me, and was dear to me on the earth plane. As I return to the homes of those I loved, I feel to rejoice that some understand the truth. But yet, I go among some of my loved ones who know it not, and as I knock at the door time and again, I feel sorry that they do not recognize me. I feel sorry they will not admit the spirit of one who loves them. I desire to send my love to my home. I desire that my daughter and my son shall know that mother is ever near, trying to guide and direct them on their way; and, although within the last few weeks there has been a trial in the home life, it is but to brighten them in spirit and teach them that it is not all of life here. Heaven is only begun upon earth, but that it is heaven, indeed, upon the spirit side. I am from Kansas City, Mo.

Maria R. Thompson.

"Oh, how tired I feel to-day. I do so long to rest somewhere, and why is it that I find not the rest I seek among those I love?" These were almost the last words which my lips formed before I passed out of the body into the spirit realm, but I am resting now. My spirit is happy. And although tired and weary, oppressed by those who should have loved me and sympathized with me, yet I come back this afternoon to say all is well. By and by the scales will fall away from your eyes. By and by you will know that I was right, and by and by when all the joys and sorrows of earth have passed away from you, my dear child, you will be willing to come and stay close beside that loved mother who tried to open your eyes while in the earth life. Oh Gertie, Gertie, my child, come to mother in the spirit that she may comfort and console you; that you may be better able to bear the burden you have to bear. I am never far away, but close beside you day by day. This is to friends in Peoria, Ill.

Elizabeth Barnes.

I have been on the spirit side of life, but I return this afternoon by request, or at least come to this meeting by request, for I oftentimes return. I desire to send my spirit love to my husband, his wife, and their family, for I love my husband, I love his wife, and I love their family. I also desire to send my love to my own children. My husband is George Barnes, of Richmond, Indiana.

Verification of Spirit-Messages.

(To the Editor of LIGHT OF TRUTH)

In the issue of December 10th I find in the Message Department a communication from my daughter Helen Emmons. I acknowledge the same and believe it came from her. In fact, while reading the message to my wife, she was controlled by Helen, who said, "We were there, mamma."

We thank the controls and medium, as well as the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

Mendon, Mich.

S. B. EMMONS.

(To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH)

Among your spirit messages of November 29th I notice with pleasure and gratitude one from my son Henry Thiese. The other names he calls are also correct, except his father's name which he gives as August instead of Gustav. But I suppose this is caused by both having the same abbreviation, "Gus." A few weeks ago he came to our home circle and promised to tell us the cause of his death soon, which we did not know, nor was it manifest at the post mortem examination. What he now relates in his message seems true when compared with circumstances at the time of his death. My congratulations to the medium through whom it was given and also to the free circle for its good work.

Respectfully,

GUSTAV THIESE.

Akron, O.

Opening Song.

Air—"Shall We Meet Beyond the River?"

1. There's a bridge across the river,
Where the angels go and come;
Where they're traveling on forever,
Piloting poor mortals home.

CHORUS.

2. They come and tell the story
Of the home that is above—
Of its joys, and of its glory,
And its fountains filled with love.

3. We are poor and weak and weary,
Much we need their loving care;
O! the earthly way seems dreary,
For we heavy burdens bear—Chorus.

4. Precious angels come and bring us
Messages of light and love;
That will strengthen and will cheer us
Till we reach the home above—Chorus.

—Inspirational Songs.

Silver Chain Recitation.

What is the religion of man?

That system of ethics which is founded on the necessities of man's organization, and has for its object his perfection, physical and spiritual.

What are its forms of worship?

Devotion to the highest conception of right.

Who is its savior?

Knowledge, with the acquaintance of which we become saviors of ourselves.

From what are we saved?

Ignorance, prolific mother of pain and suffering, physical and mental.

What is the significance of pain?

That we are not following the correct pathway.

Who are the prophets of the New Religion of Man?

Those who are inspired; each in the measure of receptivity.

Are all inspired?

No, but it is possible for all.

What is God?

The highest ideal goodness, love, and wisdom.

How can we comprehend Him?

Only as impersonated in the perfection of harmony.

Lesson. Suggestive Outline.

[NOTE.—In the discussion of the lesson it should be a fundamental rule never to be departed from that in which all are expected to express their views fully and freely, there must not be any indulgence in personality or antagonistic debate. It is the truth, not what any individual thinks the truth to be, that should engage attention.]

THE FALL OF MAN.

Whence came this dogma?

From the attempt of ignorance to explain the existence of good and evil.

The Fall of Man necessitates a scheme of regeneration—a savior.

When did man come on the earth?

Before the Drift or Ice Age.

How long ago was that?

Several million of years.

Did he come perfect in an Eden?

He came as a savage in the tropical wilderness.

Has there been any time when he fell to lower level?

That would have been impossible.

What has been his career?

Constant advancement.

Give the history of mankind during the historic era.

If the Fall is a myth; Adam and Eve and Eden are all myths, is there a necessity for a savior?

If man has not been lost, why seek to save him?

Give the Christian scheme of salvation.

Give in contrast the scientific and spiritual scheme.

(A continuous progress, with knowledge for our savior.)

Closing Song.

1. Be happy! be happy! for bright is the earth
With sunshine, and beauty, and love;
Each day it grows richer in wisdom and worth,
And more like sweet heaven above.

CHORUS.

Then let us be happy!
Sunny and bright in the face.
Oh, let us be happy!
Earth is a beautiful place.

2. Be happy! be happy! for fountains most sweet

Are gushing along the bright years,
And pathways all pleasant are waiting our feet,
With joys more abundant than tears—Chorus.

3. Be happy! be happy! who loves the black clouds,

Which lower in their bodings so deep?
'Tis better to walk in bright rain than shrouds,
'Tis better to smile than to weep—Chorus.

E. T.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

Old Ben's Trust.

ABBY A. JUDSON.

Do you think I'm afraid of dying,
Because I would rather live,
And hang onto my miserable chances,
And what they are likely to give
In the way of good eating and drinking,
With the 'peppy' a bounding me so,
And having to den up in the winter,
Like a bear, with the earliest snow?

No, sir; I tell you that dying
Is leaving the things that we know,
And floating out into strange waters,
All dark, above and below.
I care nothing for New Jerusalem,
I know 'twouldn't seem like hum,
'Cos, where they have things so splendid
They don't expect poor folks to come.

But oh! if the singing in heaven
Was the hum of the winds in the pines,
Or the noise of the brook and the river
Where the brook and the river joins,
If the birds were to sing hallooay,
As they do in the Spring all day,
And the little brown chippies would chatter
And the locusses chirrup away.

If the streets were covered with mosses,
And shaded with trees overhead,
With leaves dropping down in a shower,
Painted purple, and yellow, and red,
If over that wonderful river
I could go all alone to float
In and out, among the lilies,
With only just Maje in my boat.

If I could hear Maje before me
A barking along the trail,
I should know there was something to follow
That wouldn't be likely to fail,
And I'd lay down my head, contented,
With rain dropping soft and slow,
As it does on the trees in the forest,
And say I was willing to go.

If the Lord has always been with me,
And He held me fast by the hand,
When the fog covered up the valleys,
And I lost the lay of the land,
And 'twas safe to trust Him so far,
I'll trust him the very last mile;
He knows where to look when He wants me,
Without hailing Him all of the while.

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CINCINNATI, - - SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1892

THE LIGHT OF TRUTH cannot well undertake to reach for the honor of its many advertisers. Advertisements which appear fair and honorable upon their face are accepted, and whenever it is made known that dishonest or improper persons are using our advertising columns they are at once interdicted.

We request patrons to notify us promptly in case they discover in our columns advertisements of parties whom they have proved to be dishonest or unworthy of action.

When the postoffice address of THE LIGHT OF TRUTH subscribers is to be changed, our patrons should give us two weeks' previous notice, and not omit to state their present as well as future address.

Notice of Spiritual Meetings, in order to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Tuesday of each week, as THE LIGHT OF TRUTH goes to press every Wednesday.

Rejected MSS will not be returned without postage accompanying the same—not preserved beyond thirty days after receipt.

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LED TO THE LIGHT.

The Attractive Story for New Year.

This serial story, which is more than a story; a psychic romance in which the propounded principles of Spiritualism, revivalism, and heredity are presented and mysteries fathomed, will commence with the New Year's number of the LIGHT OF TRUTH. Although a large extra edition will be printed, we can not promise to supply back numbers, and an early subscription will be the only surety. We have made arrangements to add a new feature to the LIGHT OF TRUTH. Spiritualists wish to know of the *personelle* of the movement, the life history of its prominent workers, writers, speakers, and mediums. To gratify this often expressed wish, we shall, during the year, give biographical sketches with finely executed portraits.

THE REIGN OF PEACE--DISARMAMENT.

The great European powers, boasting of their Christian civilization, present a strange spectacle. Nearly every able-bodied man is armed with all the weapons of destruction inventive science can create, massed in armies which stand on either side of the borders, like contestants in the prize ring, ready at a word to grapple in mortal combat. These nations are rapidly reaching the point when they can not further increase their armies, and where their material resources will become exhausted. They now have a problem before them which has two solutions—disarmament or revolution.

If any one of these powers should disarm its army, returning every soldier to his home and productive occupation, it would be a signal for the others to do likewise. Were there not a soldier in Germany to-day the realm would be safer from invasion than it is now. The same may be said of France. War is not now for conquest, but glory, and it would be infamy to attack a disarmed nation.

The war spirit still lingers, even in this free nation, with oceans for defensive barriers, and vast sums are squandered in building war-ships never used. The United States, at this moment, is pre-eminently qualified to ignore the traditions of brute defense and declare its reliance on justice. Let it take this noble position and it will have the right to act as umpire for Europe. The great Republic, without a battleship, would have an influence immeasurably greater than that given by countless armies, for it would be that of the invincible potency of divine justice and the spirit of the age. Then could it consistently say to the European powers: "Let there be peace. Return the soldiers to their homes. Let the spider spin its web over the mouths of the death-dealing cannon and your war-ships rust in port. War is for the brute and the savage."

Such a message would be one of joy, and herald the millennial era. Let the people be educated to look upon our national strength not in iron-clads and forts bristling with monster cannon, but in the intelligence, honor, and integrity of its citizens. The last dire resort is war, and even then with a civilized nation it is almost a crime.

WHAT IS HAPPINESS?

Happiness is a relative state of the mind. It depends upon environment, physical and mental. It involves predilections, desires, and ambitions. It seldom counts the cost of attainment. It will come to the efforts of the wise and the foolish. All mankind strive for it; many reach it, others fail.

What an anomaly then is the phantom name happiness? Like hope it is a jewel craved and rarely possessed. We think it is captured, and it perishes while we caress it. We are told in our childhood that the way to catch birds is to put salt on their tails. How many there are who spend all their time in getting the salt with which to catch happiness, and when they reach out with their salt the bird has flown. The moral of this is that if we can get near enough to the bird to catch it our salt will be an incumbrance to us, and after the same manner of reasoning, if we see a chance to secure happiness we should not load our hands with useless stuff which will bother us in the chase. This is applicable to that large and growing calamity of mental caruncles who want a segment of the earth before they can enjoy life. They generally and very properly die getting rich, and then spend their time, all they have to spend, looking around after happiness in a country where their kind of credit can not purchase it. Happiness has been the theme of the inspired for ages. Men have become serfs and women slaves in its pursuit. Wherever man has been lifted above the animal he has striven to better his condition, because in that betterment he has been conscious of a feeling of happiness. And in this struggle the thing most absurd has always been the most sought after. How far out of the way was Barnum, the great showman, when he said the people delight to be humbugged? Voltaire put it in this way: "Cesar and Pompey were in the senate called Cesar and Pompey; but these men did not

know how to live; they finished their letters with vale, farewell. We, sixty years ago, concluded ours with 'Your Affectionate Servant,' and we since come to 'Most Humble' and 'Most Obedient,' and we have actually the honor of being so. I pity our posterity who will find some difficulty in adding to these forms."

But there is a theme which is just budding into that which the world calls respectability that is fast proving to be *par excellence* the royal road to eternal happiness. Of all the pangs which life's trials bring to struggling humanity, the dead form of a loved object, whose soul may have been done up in our own, is the most poignant. Well may it be asked what is more pitiful than the tears which shower upon the unreplying dead? What doubts more horrible than those rising before the mind in the uncertainty of a future life? Our love is bound up within the tender confines of a human form like the waters of a spring stored up in a reservoir. We give up gladly the fondest impulses, the lordliest ambitions, and bequeath them all to the keeping of our beloved. Anon a flood comes and tears away the gates of the reservoir and drowns the populace, just as unconcerned as death swoops down and tears away the receptacles of our love and leaves us bruised and forsaken amongst the debris of wasted wealth. This is the story of the shroud and monolith of humanity, and it is true because ignorance is educated and wisdom debased. Happily there are some who hear an echo across the vortex of death. Here and there a voice from the thither shore reaches the vales of woe. Here and there compensation is given to those who mourn. And so the world has Spiritualism. It is the recompense of every pang. In its glad beneficence every tear, every pained tongue, and every withered cheek may become the seed of laughter, dimples, and praise. This being true, Spiritualism is the broad highway to all excellence, all happiness. We never knew a thorough-going Spiritualist who was not happy. He knows that this life is the primary department in the grand school of experience. He knows that death is an event, not a finality. He knows that the lights and shadows, the joys and sorrows of earth life are the lessons which entitle him to a place in the next department. Who tells him this? Men and women who once lived here and whom the brazen impudence of learned ignorance calls dead.

If now and then tears wet the stones leading to the soul's home, they are but the contrasted or obverse side of the sunlight that will surely come and dry them all away. The perception and performance of duty will inevitably bring to the soul that measure of reward which effort hath put forth. To know what to do, then do it, this is the task; and happiness as its last analysis will be seen to lie in the solvent powers of each individual, and its market value in the emporium of human affairs is that measure which adds to the sum total of human enjoyment and peace.

Miss Frances Willard on Sunday Opening of the World's Fair.

There are some things which make us mistrust the advisability of woman taking high places. We never lose faith in her, but occasionally it requires effort to maintain it. Never more was this the case than when we read the presidential address of Miss Frances Willard before the Women's Christian Temperance Union at Denver. In that portion in which she makes argument against the opening of the Columbian Fair on Sunday, she shows a strain of narrow-minded bigotry and ignorance that has few parallels. She makes the wholly untruthful assertion that the question is one between native and foreign-born citizens. She says: "This is a Christian country and that Christians are commanded to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

The founders of this government boasted that it was equally hospitable to all—Mohammedan, Jew, Parsee, or Christian. If Christians are commanded to keep the Sabbath why do they keep Sunday instead? "Sabbath" is Saturday, and if they obey the command that is the day to keep holy. But in keeping it "holy," Miss Willard and every other Christian in the land sadly fail. They ride on street cars or railroads, attend appointments, partake of food prepared on the "Lord's Day," and shockingly desecrate it from morn till night. It would be a good lesson to all those who talk in this reckless manner to have the old Puritanic laws, which they regard as essentially "native," enforced to the letter. Nothing would so soon educate them out of their bigotry.

PROF. SMITH DECLARED GUILTY.

The trial in this city of Prof. Smith, of Lane Theological Seminary, for heresy, has come to a conclusion, and he has been found guilty by a small majority. The charges were that he taught contrary to the fundamental doctrine of the word of God and of the confession of faith, that the holy spirit did not so control the inspired writers in their composition of the holy Scriptures as to make their utterances absolutely truthful, i. e., free from error when interpreted in their natural and intended sense. The third charge accused him of teaching inspiration of the Scriptures in a sense different from that taught by the Scriptures themselves and by the confession of faith.

These two charges were so identical that even theologians could not distinguish between them, and they were dealt with as one. As there is not probably a member of the Church who believes the Bible absolutely infallible and truthful, the accusation and trial was a farce. Now that he is adjudged guilty, the question is, what will be done with him? The little clique of preachers have no power to inflict bodily punishment. They can not have him whipped through the city at the cart's tail as they might one hundred years ago. The expression is so strong in his favor that they even dare not excommunicate him, and it is suggested that he will be "admonished," and allowed to retain his place. Suspension is his sentence, until like a good little boy he will promise he will never do so again.

Heresy trials are the making of heretics. Our advice to the Churches is not to do it. Our illustration comes up of an old farmer, who lost corn every night from his crib. Said he to a neighbor: "I've a bear trap, and I'm going to set it under the ears of corn and when the thief reaches in, I'll have him." "Don't yer do it," advised his neighbor. "What'll yer do with him if you catch him? You can't kill him, 'cause if you do you'll be hung; and if you don't kill him, when you let him out he'll kill you!"

The old farmer was wise and did not set the trap. If the Churches are wise they will not set their heresy traps.

MUSEUM SUNDAY.

After a long and persistent struggle the liberal element in England, against the determined opposition of the clergy, have succeeded in opening the museums and libraries on Sunday. The Sunday nearest the 6th of November is to be henceforth consecrated as "Museum Sunday," that being the day on which the object was secured. It is said that the clergy, with the usual predilections of that class, for a cause after it has been won, are favoring the measure and expressing their sympathies with it from their pulpits.

All this is interesting when compared with the bigoted determination of a large body of clergymen in this country to close the World's Fair on Sunday.

A Flea With No Conscience Invades A Strange Domain.

A bishop of the Episcopal Church in Buffalo, who is styled Rt. Rev. A. Cleveland Cox, has just published a book entitled, "Holy Writ and Modern Thought," in which a vast wealth of invective is hurled at the characters of Spinoza, Schopenhauer, Voltaire, Edwin Arnold, Archdeacon Farrar, Renan, also Dr. Briggs and Heber Newton. These men are held up as dangerous firebrands in the field of religious thought, their teachings seditious and contemptible, and their example worthy only of scorn. On the other hand, the beauty and sublimity of "Holy Writ," which, of course, includes the sybillic David, who was a man after God's own heart, and other chapters of filth, which a father would not dare to read in the presence of his children, is held up with all the effrontery that has ever characterized those who see a celestial light by looking at the end of their noses.

The world is pretty well acquainted with Spinoza, Schopenhauer, Voltaire, Renan, Arnold, and Farrar, but to use the language of the pickaninny after having wrestled with a threshing machine and was a little dazed, who is A. Cleveland Cox and where is he at?

Cartoonists and Sunday Opening.

No journal show more clearly the drift of public sentiment than the comic-illustrated papers. They print cartoons to sell, and unless they please their sale is lost. *Tuck* heads the list in a recent issue with a telling picture. It is Sunday morning, and the clear light falls on the palatial buildings of the Fair. The gates are thrown wide open and a crowd of happy people are passing through—youth and maiden, children and the aged, all gay and expectant. At the gate stands a minister of the gospel with a mingled look of baffled hate, surprise, and rage on his hard and unintelligent face.

When thousands and hundreds of thousands of Church members buy and laugh over such a picture which reflects not only on the attempt of the clergy to close the Fair, but on that class and the Church itself, we feel assured that the world moves.

The Coming Society Fad.

Just now that great modern monument of barbarism, named elite society, is exercised by the decadence of interest in the lineal descent of blood in its members, and the increasing interest displayed for blood in the prize ring. Since "Gentleman Jim" silenced the fame of his ranting opponent, society has been aching to show its appreciation of his prowess. Of course Mr. Corbett's claim to distinction in this respect lies in the fact that he is a gentleman at heart and has always moved in good circles. And it appears that his movements in one particular circle have been pre-eminently successful and elevating in character. If society really yearns after him, and all indications point that way, certainly there is no reason why Mr. Corbett should not enter society and elevate it as he has done the fistic stage.

Spiritist--Spiritualist.

These words have been used synonymously and a correspondent desires to know which is desirable. Spiritualism and Spiritualist have been appropriated by those who accept the belief in the United States and England. Occasionally Spiritist is used by secular writers, but it really designates the Kardec School which accepts reincarnation as its cornerstone. These from the beginning adopted that name.

Those who do not accept this doctrine, but take purely scientific grounds are Spiritualists. It is a singular fact that while the Latin race largely adhere to *Spiritism*, the Germanic adhere to *Spiritualism*.

Witchcraft.

It is rather late in the day to bring forward the accusation of witchcraft, but a suit for damages has recently been instituted in Bavaria (Germany) against a Catholic priest who reported that a boy was possessed of a devil through the witchcraft of a Mrs. Herz, and that he exorcized the devil from him. The woman claimed damages for slander and gained her suit. Evidently German judges are not in sympathy with the priestly superstition.

TWENTY-EIGHT HERETICS.

Now that the Cincinnati Presbytery has convicted Prof. Smith of heresy and stopped his mouth by a vote of thirty-one to twenty-seven, what is the matter of putting the twenty-seven heretics who voted against his conviction on trial themselves? It is hard to see how they can escape the charge if they honestly thought Prof. Smith was right in his views of the Westminster Confession and voted to sustain him.

The New York Examiner (Baptist) congratulates the missionary boards that the "Chinese in this country are doing nobly in supporting workers in China." If they are does it not show a great "Christian grace," while they are ostracized here by the very Christianity they seek "nobly" to promulgate at home? It is anomalous to send missionaries to the other side of the globe in the desperate chance of converting the heathens, while the few of these same heathens who wish to enjoy our civilization are made outlaws the moment they step on our shores. It is the historic record of missionary work that simultaneously with the "conversion" of Pagan peoples they perish. The work of missions has been that of extinction. The Indian races of this continent are examples, and the Sandwich Islands another. The unmentionable diseases of civilized races, rum, and the Bible seem inseparable, and the missionary, innocent, well-intending, is the agent of destruction.

A PARAGRAPH going the rounds of the daily press says that a typographical error in an article by Charles Dudley Warner in *Harper's Magazine* exhibits Mr. Warner as a horrible infidel. The types say: "The great mass of Christian literature is no longer believed. The word Christian should read 'Christmas.'" We fail to see any difference. There is as much fable in Christmas as in Christian literature, and the question is, did not the bright copartner of Mark Twain really write it as it was printed? He can stand the charge of being a "horrible infidel" easy enough.

OUR TRACT.

We are extremely sorry to say that we are compelled to disappoint our readers in not being able to send them the tract on "What is Spiritualism?" through the paper as promised. It has been ruled out by the postoffice department as newspaper matter. But those desiring a copy can obtain one by sending their name, address, and a stamp, and they will be accommodated through the letter department of the mails.

Dr. McGlynn, the deposed Catholic priest, offended his holiness, the Pope, by declaring, that "If there were no public schools there would be no parochial schools."

"I denounce and disown any allegiance as due to any Protestant king, prince, or state, or obedience to any of their inferior officers." Catholic priest's oath.

A HOLIDAY SEANCE.

It is not often that one drops into Mr. A. Willis' seance-rooms and finds no circle in attendance. But such was the case one evening last week. Shortly after the reporter's arrival two or three others made their appearance; and when the clock struck eight, there were just eight persons present, which rhyme in figures might have been regarded by some as an omen, either ill or providential. But as the seance terminated to the satisfaction of everybody in the circle, it may be put down as a good "sign." But signs are always good when they signify good conditions—harmony in the mental and moral atmosphere surrounding the medium. No medium, whether physical or mental, can be used for perfect results by the spirit world, if he or she is hampered by uncongenial environments or subjected to conditions not in accord with spirit law.

While there were no skeptics present on this occasion, Mr. Willis, the medium, privileged as usual, an examination of doors and windows before turning down the light. The reporter availed himself of this opportunity, saw that the windows were bolted from the inside and turned the key in the door himself, which was not unlocked again until he did so after the close of the seance.

No sooner had the "Lord's Prayer" been repeated, with which Mr. Willis always opens his meetings, than an illuminated cross came forth from the cabinet, which undoubtedly had its significance when we consider what came later. Following this, spirit John Morris appeared—in a full black suit for a change. His form and features were perfectly discernible, and showed to what perfection a spirit can present itself to mortal sight when harmony prevails in a circle. This was followed by the usual trumpet manifestations, which were exceedingly fine, in that two spirits spoke simultaneously through two trumpets, one of the trumpets being held by the reporter, who had full opportunity of sensing the vibration in the instrument caused by the voice within.

This was hardly finished when an illuminated face—that of a priest apparently—suddenly materialized in mid-air, directly in front of the scribe and then retreated slowly to the cabinet, where it disappeared. It was afterwards announced by a materialized spirit that the priestly face was that of a well known archbishop, departed but a few years from this mundane sphere. Among the other spirits who materialized and gave a momentary view of themselves were Dr. N. B. Wolff, Emma Abbott, C. G. Helleberg, and Gen. C. H. Sargent. The latter, well known to the reporter before his transition, whispered somewhat huskily but clear-cut these words: "Tell my friends I am progressing and happy where I am!" Another message from a female spirit was also given for a prominent gentleman in Ohio State affairs, but of a private nature.

After this series the trumpet was again manipulated and the circle requested to sing for the purpose of generating new strength for another exhibition of spirit power. This was acceded to, and when finished the organ began to play of its own accord, accompanied by a trio of female voices, soft, low, melodious, and unmistakably overhead as if proceeding from various quarters of the ceiling—too natural and intoning for any three ventriloquists to imitate, however expert.

Then came the climax—a puzzle to scientists. The reporter was invited into the cabinet to see John Morris pass matter through matter. As he stepped in, the light was raised to its full extent, shedding its rays through the curtains so as to be able to see the time by his watch. At this juncture a finely materialized spirit approached through the rear curtain, took a handkerchief banded him, pressed it against the broad side of the curtain towards the seance-room where the members of the circle could be plainly discerned, and then took his other hand, folded sufficient of the fabric to cover the handkerchief, and rubbed the two as if washing them. As he did so the handkerchief could be seen passing through the curtain inch by inch until the whole was through, when it was taken charge of by the owner on the opposite side, this also being seen by the writer, as the light was on that side of the curtain. At the moment of its completion the spirit withdrew and the writer, who was standing within a few inches of the operating spirit, examined the spot most minutely, handling it, and not only found it intact, but that the fabric was genuine cloth, too closely woven to pass even a thread through without effort. It was an exhibition of the power that spirits have over matter, and to prove that matter offers no obstacles to their passage or to that which is in their grasp at the time. And that the whole materialized spirit can do the same at intervals, was demonstrated in the cabinet later by John Morris passing between the scribe and his wife while standing shoulder to shoulder, but patting the former on the back while so doing to prove the tangibility of the spirit and that the things seen are not the effects of mesmerism or self-delusion.

Before closing, an independent spirit voice requested the writer to go into the back room to examine the door, which he did and which he found locked. Then returning to the rear of the cabinet, a trumpet could be seen floating in mid air, gradually descending and approaching him, and finally placing itself in an upright position beside him. The seance was then declared closed, having lasted nearly an hour and a half. It was truly a holiday treat.

HOLIDAY GREETING.

Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle sent in the following for the "Woman's Club," but reaching us too late for that department, we give our readers the benefit of it here:

"Here is a merry Christmas to every sister and brother who looks upon this page! If you were within reach I would give you a holly sprig from our own bush in the garden and ask you in to lunch. Indeed, I would! But as that is not practical I give you unstintedly of the very frugal treat, my good wishes, and trust the year may be fuller of bright days than are the Christmas holly branches of red berries. May your best-loved angels drop a loving thought of the olden days into your souls on Christmas night, then surely your day will be happy!"

CHRISTINE.

Once when laughing bells of Christmas
Sounded from up-pointed spires,
And this earth was bright as heaven,
With its million gala fires;
When the trees were bright with snow-wreaths,
Where the bright leaves hung so green,
And the wild winds made our music
Came the dainty babe, Christine.
Nestled in the snowy pillows,
Like a rose-leaf blown from June,
Or a strain of melting music
Lost from out some heavenly tune,
Did she seem, for my affection
Ne'er such perfectness had seen,
As was folded like a garment
'Round the lovely child Christine.
Three times six the vernal garlands
Have, since then, been wreathed and found,
And each year has made her fairer
Ere the Christy day circled 'round,
When it comes again in gladness,
With its glitter and its sheen,
I shall stand before the altar
With my own true love Christine.
Christ in Paradise! I pray Thee
When the music peals along
Christmas morning, skyward, heavenward,
Look upon earth's merry throng,
And, oh, bless the fairest lady
Under holly boughs so green;
Bless her then, and bless her always,
Dainty, beautiful Christine!

THE WOMEN'S CLUB.

Conducted by EMMA RHOADS TUTTLE.

SHE IS NOT TO BE CONSIDERED
A woman—no so far as she beholds
Her own beloved's face
A mother—with a great heart that unfolds
The children of the race
A body free and strong with that high beauty
That comes of perfect use in health and duty
And mind whose reason rules with equity
And justice reigns with love
A self content, royal soul, brave, wise, and tender,
No longer blind and dumb
A human being of yet unknown splendor,
Is she who is to come! —Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

We cordially invite contributions suitable for this department, and assure you they will receive prompt attention. Do not wait till you have something "good" to say; whatever is of daily interest and moment to you, will be to the members of our Club. Consider yourself one expected to do your part in entertaining the others. Please write on one side of the paper, and address all matter for publication to Emma Rhoads Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

[Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.]

At the Door of My Dreams.

MARY BAIRD FINE.

I stood at the door of my dreams and cried,
For the rain and storm were fierce outside—
All alone in my sleepless pain,
Alone in the mist and falling rain,
Calling at the door of my dreams in vain.

There were lilacs of white that bloomed inside
Where weary and lone at the gates I cried—
Lilies of light and roses of gold,
And I alone in the rain and cold
With never a blossom to have or hold.

Yet a season of sleep stole over me,
Rocking my bark on the amber sea—
What cared I for the rain and mist
When my garden-rose was amethyst,
Blooming vines and youth I had missed.

Once again 'neath the sheltering arms
Of the mighty oaks and their thousand charms,
Where love came by as he came before—
Love yet grieving the wide world o'er
And we sang the songs we had sung of yore.

Forest and mountain and meadow of mine,
And billows of balm and the ocean brine,
While he who had sailed in shallow of white
Was there at my side in the same moonlight,
And heaven was near in the waning night.

[Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.]

A Mother's Prayer.

MRS. OVERTON.

A bud is opening in my bower—
I watch its beauties hour by hour
As they unfold before me;
And the growing wonder of my flower
Send floods of sweet thought o'er me,
In all the world there's not another
So blest as I—a happy mother.

I sit and watch the growing grace
That steals across the baby face
And pray for light to guide me;
I pray, dear Father, thro' life's race
Thy strength be ne'er denied me,
In all the world there's not another
That holds such power as does a mother.

CHARLIE'S SWEETHEART.

"Who is Charlie?" He was a brakeman on the railroad; one of those ambitious young men who are willing to begin at the bottom and climb up; one who walked the board on the tops of the cars in all sorts of weather, sometimes when it was sleeted and iced so it was hard to keep from slipping off and down—maybe to be crushed by the wheels; one who climbed ladders, coupled cars, lived cheaply, and depended every day for his life on the integrity of the trainmen all over the country. His business was to obey orders and trust that every other man had been faithful to his duty, and thus make his work safe if he was sharp-eyed and careful.

But on one day of the last week of October somebody failed him; somebody was not faithful to his duty in seeing that a ladder was sound and the upper round, which is required to be fastened with strong screws, this somebody who lacked integrity, had repaired by only driving in a weak nail; and when Charlie, after coupling the cars, hastened up the ladder, that upper round, which the criminally remiss somebody, had carelessly nailed, pulled off, and Charlie fell down under the wheels to have both legs taken off close to the body. "Did he die?" Of course! He lived, entirely conscious, for a few hours, attended by the company's surgeon, saying between his moans: "Oh, if I could only see father and mother and Mollie! But there was, at a point between him and them, a wreck on the road and they could not reach him. So he died away from his kin, a victim to somebody's infidelity to trust.

Mr. T. and I were asked to perform the services at his funeral, and Charlie's sweetheart, Mollie, came the next day to get copies of the song and reading which were a part of them.

She was a sweet, quiet young German girl who had promised to wed Charlie as soon as he could get wages enough to make the union wise. She was dumb with grief, and looked wistfully to me to see if I could offer her any consolation. "He is not dead, and he loves you still," I said "the irreparable calamity is upon you and must be borne; time will heal, perhaps, but the good to you must come through the lesson the sad accident teaches. It teaches the absolute need of integrity of character, which will enable its possessor to carry out with fidelity every trust, no matter how trivial it may seem. This grief will burn that fact into your consciousness, and you will be more true, and strong, and faithful because of these tears." I kissed her, and she passed on resolved to live the lesson Charlie's needless death impressed upon her. Poor Mollie!

[Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.]

English Pie.

MRS. E. A. GORMAN.

Once we had the honor and pleasure to entertain that distinguished representative of Spiritualism, Emma Hargrave Britten, and in addition to the fine intellectual food she gave us, I got her ideas of Yankee pie-making. She did not quite like our method. "Oh," she said, "You should eat an English pie!" "And why mayn't I?" I replied. "If you will tell me how they are made we will have one for dinner." So she directed and I made an English pie.

Take a large, deep dish or basin, butter it and invert a small cup in the center of the dish, having buttered the top of it. Fill the dish with berries, plums, peaches, or any juicy fruit; season with sugar and bits of butter; make a rich crust, put over the top, and bake. The juice which comes from the fruit while cooking will go up under the inverted cup, and not be steaming up and making the crust soggy. When the crust and fruit are dished, lift the cup and liberate the juice, which may be dipped over the dished pieces. We all pronounced it delicious, and all "Emma" regretted that we had not also English cheese to accompany it.

QUINCE HONEY.

Pare and grate the quinces. To one cup of grated quinces add one cup of white sugar and one cup of water; boil until thick; can.

GRAPE HONEY.

Pulp grapes, scald, strain through a sieve; to one cup pulp add one cup white sugar and boil fifteen or twenty minutes. Leave out the skins.

WOMEN'S CLUB CORRESPONDENCE.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS—A PREVENTIVE REMEDY—A PLEA FOR KINDNESS.

The baseness of the sin of such conduct is not amply measured nor adequately considered, notwithstanding some States have laws to punish persons guilty of it. These must prove inadequate, for many instances will not be reported. Besides, the application of the penalty to the guilty will stimulate a spirit and resolve for revenge, and some poor animal made to suffer this much severe torture; for a person so void of humane feeling as to abuse a dumb brute would feel revengeful after punishment, and would seek opportunity to gratify this revengeful prompting by inflicting greater torture.

Better, much better, that the school laws of our country—of all countries—contain provisions requiring teachers to instruct their pupils as to their duties and proper conduct toward all dumb animals; instilling in their minds the reasons of the wickedness of cruel, harsh treatment toward such. And more, a sense of the depravity of the heart that could tolerate or be guilty of such unkindness or cruelty, should be awakened in the mind of every child. Much of such teaching can be, and should be, and will be done at home. It will be done at such homes as are presided over by intelligent, properly cultured parents.

Societies for prevention of such cruelty are doing good, perhaps much good. Some of the more prominent of the many different kinds or modes of cruelty are neglecting to provide proper shelter and feed for winter comfort and health of and for our common farm-stock animals. The overloading and overworking of our work teams—the cruel beating by whip and club—the confining of horses to hitching posts near saloons in stormy, chilly weather, while owners are warming up and getting drunk within (the saloons), followed by the too fast driving or riding homewards!

In proportion to the enlargement of the complement of the human family that believe in the immortality of all vertebrate animals—that all such have souls—soul natures—will the cruelty in the treatment of these lessen?

What? Our domestic animals—the horse, the cow, the sheep, the dog—have souls?

In fact, they have! Assuredly they have, and these are what are called their instincts! This is but another name for soul. Yes, in the glorious after-life some of us, who so will, will have as companions some of our preferred pets, our loved "Prince," "Mollie," "Maje," or "Tabby." Apropos, I will conclude with a part of Lord Byron's merited, complimentary sentiment—"Epitaph."

"But the poor dog! Man's firmest friend:
First to welcome, foremost to defend;
No storied urn or tells of his birth,
Denied in heaven the soul—
The soul he held on earth."

R. T. LOCKWOOD.

AN EXCELLENT THING IN WOMEN.

"I remember," said a well-known writer lately, "the first 'queen of society' that I met. She was a Scotch woman of good birth who married an American while he was in Europe. Rumors came before her to his home of her brilliant success in London society and in the American court where her brother held a diplomatic position; and when she arrived with her husband, the society of the little city where he lived was soon at her feet.

"Every man and (better proof of her power) every woman who came near her yielded to her singular fascination. I was a child of twelve, visiting in a country house near the town. 'One morning someone said, 'there comes Madame L.' I ran to the window to see coming through the trees a stout, freckled, red-haired woman without a single agreeable feature in her face.

"I was amazed and disgusted. But when she came in and talked—talked to me—I sat breathless under a charm never felt in my life before. I was her slave from that moment. I know now that her fascination was wholly her voice. It was low, clear, musical. The woman's nature was expressed in it, unpretentious, keenly sympathetic, but, above all, genuine. It was her own power, but it was irresistible.

The charm of a sincere, sweet voice never fails to influence us, though we are often unconscious as to what it is that has touched us. Madame de Maintenon is said to have maintained her power over Louis XIV. when she was old and ugly by her strong sense and exquisite voice. Madame de Staël, on the contrary, croaked out her sentences, alive with genius, in the tones of a crow.

It is strange that while young people are so careful to improve every advantage which nature has given them to make themselves attractive, they neglect this, probably the most powerful of all. Voices, it is true, differ naturally in sweetness and range of tone, but they may be trained as thoroughly in speaking as in singing. The first aim should be to rid the voice of all affectation. It may be hopelessly harsh and unmusical; but it can always be made clear and natural; your own, not a lisping imitation of that of some other person.—E. V.

[Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.]

Because I Am, Thou Art.

HELEN MARION WALTON.

Serenely breaks the promised time of sight,
On eyes uplifted towards the coming dawn;
While myriads waiting for the welcome light,
Reach out their hands to greet the opal morn.

Oh, hour of hope, long prayed for, come at last,
To which the burdened prophets vainly cried,
In bygone ages of the misty past
That seem just past though long ago they died.

In faith believing, went they forth to meet
Thy glorious coming in the grand surprise;
The dear Lord and our Master there to greet
With love supernatural, midway in the skies.

The time is near, oh, fair and winsome day,
When every soul shall find its loving king
That sits enthroned, revealing all the way
In answering note from kingdom deep within.

Oh, halcyon hour, the planet's budding youth,
When all the race is hastening to its goal
To reach the blossoming of eternal truth,
And find its blessed fruit within life's bowl.

Because Thou art, we are, oh, Father mine,
Thine image in our spirit holds control,
And we obedient to Thy light divine,
As heart doth answer heart, or soul to soul.

So that within doth rise of Thee a part,
A kinship overlapped by Thee alone,
And clasping each, all merged in one at last,
We find the perfect way, nor fate bemoan.

The murderers of C. P. Miller, mayor of Omaha, have at last been found and placed on trial for murder. It will be remembered that Mayor Miller was shot some months ago, but until last week nothing was discovered of the murderer. The A. P. A., however, of that city, took the matter in hand with the result that the assassins are now on trial. This case recalls the death of Gamble Weir, of Pittsburgh, less than a year ago. Everything goes to prove that he was poisoned by papiets. We would ask what the Orangemen of Pennsylvania have done to hunt down his assassin?—Patriotic American

MEDIUMS AND LECTURERS.

Willie Hodge may be addressed at Rochester, Ind., during this month.

A. G. Higley will accept lecture engagements. Terms given on application. Address at De Saver Ohio.

Mrs. M. E. Williams of 72 West 10th Street, New York City, holds sittings for materialization every Tuesday evening and Saturdays at 2 p. m.

Dr. H. T. Stanley, inspirational speaker and platform test medium, would like to make engagements for 1893. Address 239 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Nellie S. Baude, of 413 Thirteenth Street, Detroit, Mich., may be engaged to lecture or to conduct funeral services. Correspondence solicited for 1893.

Mrs. Anna Orvis, a remarkable, inspirational speaker, has two open months the early part of 1893, and can be addressed at 427 West Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. O. E. Daniels, trance and inspirational lecturer, can be addressed for fall and winter engagements. Will also speak at funerals. Address, 404 South State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Many testify to the correctness of readings on all business social, and domestic matters given by Mrs. Maggie Stewart. Price 5c and stamps. Address, 254 E. Main Street, Piqua, O.

Geo. H. Brooks may be addressed during the month of December, care of C. H. Gates, cor. of 24th and Holly Streets, Kansas City, Mo. Will accept week-day engagements and attend funerals.

Mrs. A. E. Kirby, trance speaker and platform test medium, will answer calls for above named purposes in neighboring towns and cities. Address 130 Locust Street, Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, O.

Societies or parties wishing the services of an inspirational speaker for Sunday, week-evenings or funerals, can address Mrs. A. E. Kirby, Grand Lodge, Mich. P. O. Box 833. She has not closed all dates for the winter months.

Willard J. Hull will speak in Indianapolis the Sundays of December for the Indianapolis Association of Spiritualists. Those desiring his services for week-evenings can reach him in that city, and mail should be addressed 183 East Tennessee Street, care Mrs. W. H. Parmelee.

J. W. Dennis, has accepted a call from Marshalltown, Iowa, for the month of December. His address will be 206 North Sixth Street. Mr. Dennis will answer calls in the vicinity for week-day evenings, and wishes to make an engagement for January, 93. Permanent address 120 Thirteenth Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

G. W. Kates and wife desire to arrange their camp-meeting route for the season of 1893 so that engagements will make an orderly itinerary. They lecture and give tests. Applications are solicited not later than January. Also desire offers from societies for season of 1893-94. Address 2334 Frankford Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. A. H. Luther may be addressed during this month at Crown Point, Ind. During January, '93, at Duluth, Minn., February and March at Cincinnati, O., April at Pittsburgh, Pa., May at Washington, D. C., June, Western New York, July and August, campmeetings, September and October are open dates. November and December of 1893, are engaged.

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The Ether Ray apparatus was awarded the gold medal at the "Ausstellung fuer Volkswirtschaftliche Gesundheitsheils und Krankenpflege" (Popular Hygiene Exhibition) held at Halle, S. Germany, August 21-28, 1891. The awarding judges accompanied the notification of their act with the following flattering letter:

HALE, S. A. August 28, 1891. PROF. OSKAR KORSCHULT, Highly Honored Sir: We take great pleasure in notifying you that the awarding judges of the "Ausstellung fuer Volkswirtschaftliche Gesundheitsheils und Krankenpflege" (Popular Hygiene Exhibition) held at Halle, S. A. August 21-28, 1891, have awarded your Ether Ray Apparatus the Gold Medal. Numerous experiments and our own observation have convinced us of the fact that your Ether Apparatus conveys strength and energy to the human system, which can be used either as a healing-remedy or invigorator.

We noticed especially a very beneficial effect on the nervous system, and your Ether Ray Apparatus offers without doubt, the medical science a new and satisfactory means of pleasure that we are the first who can announce to you our highest appreciation. That your Ether Ray Apparatus is also the means of promoting the growth of plants, satisfactory proof has been given to us. Yours very respectfully, W. V. DE LUKE-HALLE, Secretary.

Director Eckhoff-Stuttgart, Chairman. The disks for flowers were awarded the Diploma of Merit at the Horticultural Exhibition at Eberswalde, 1892. For further information address ETHER RAY APPARATUS CO., Cleveland, O.

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Spiritual Educational Movement.

SUMMERLAND, CALIF.

A great prospect is now well under way at Summerland, California, to secure the entire Rancho upon which the colony is located with its vast mineral resources, to build and maintain educational institutions to promote and advance the cause.

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Miscellaneous Articles

AN OPEN LETTER.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., December 8, 1892.

Mr. Dear Cousin: You were quite correct in reference to the information received in regard to our becoming converts to Spiritualism. I scarcely know how best to respond to your wholesome denunciations that an intelligent family as ours should allow such a delusion to take hold of us. Why, my dear cousin, your own words prove that you know nothing of which you write. I wish you would read some of the recent articles from the pages of the *Arena*, the *Forum*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, to say nothing of such papers as the *New York Herald*, the *New World*, the *Pull Mail Gazette*, *Edinburg Review*, and others from over the waters.

It is quite true that many of the articles written therein are not under the heading of Spiritualism, but the newer and less offensive term "Psychic Research." It will not require the aid of a very large magnifier to discern on the lines, between the lines, and back of the lines, the fact, proven beyond the shadow of a doubt by hundreds of the best thinkers and writers of the present day, that communication with the spirit world is a fact too true to be mistaken for a moment. "The world will never look just right, unless you keep your glasses bright." Stanford University, of Palo Alto, Cal., is well known to have been first brought about through the media agency of Mrs. Senator Stanford. In communicating with her spirit child, the wish was expressed that a college might be built where the youth of the Pacific Coast might receive an education best suited to their several needs.

One of the first and foremost astronomers of the present day, Camille Flammarion, of Paris, and Wm. Crookes, and A. R. Wallace, scientists of England, are spreading broad cast their best thoughts upon the subject. Henry Kiddle, in 1876 superintendent of the New York City schools, whom I had the pleasure of meeting upon more than one occasion, became a convert to Spiritualism early in the eighties, resigning his lucrative position to spread the truth. Since passing away he has returned, reiterating again and again the doctrine he promulgated in the latter years of his life. In our own city, Indianapolis, Rev. H. A. Cleveland, of the Meridian M. E. Church, has both publicly and privately given his positive assurance that such things as spirit-return are not only possible but probable, and that it does not conflict with the teachings of the sacred writ. Rev. Myron W. Reed, of Denver, Colo., formerly one of the most popular and learned of our Indianapolis clergy, has been at spiritual seances again and again. Oscar C. McCullough, our revered preacher philanthropist, was a Spiritualist during his life time, and has brought sweet messages of comfort and confidence even to my own home. Rev. M. V. Hunter, of the Seventh Presbyterian Church, has been frequently to mediums for advice and counsel. Mrs. T. A. Hendricks, wife of Ex-vice-president Hendricks, of loved and sacred memory, has been an open, avowed Spiritualist ever since her husband's death. For ten years past Mr. John C. Shoemaker, formerly president of the Sentinel Company, has advocated spirit-return.

And now, dear cousin, to come home around our own fire-side, Grandma Davis, eighty-two years old, can, by the aid of spirit power, make ribbon bows, attaching some article brought from another part of the house, or from the yard, such as a flower, leaf of geranium or a feather from the chicken yard will be entwined with the ribbon, making as pretty a bow as any expert could make. This has been done not once, but many times, frequently when no one but grandma and myself were in the room. Do you believe, my cousin, knowing me as you have for forty years, that I would countenance a fraud, or that my mother, just upon the portals of the other life, would give countenance to any species of deception? You say it is mind-reading. If so, it gives expression to it in a manner that has never been explained in any other way, except through spirit power. But you ask how do we know that spirits do this? How did I know that the letter received from you yesterday was written by yourself. I answer, I recognize the individuality of the person who wrote it.

How inconsistent for Christians of to-day to admit the miracles of the Bible and yet deny the spiritual phenomena of to-day, saying it is from the devil. If phenomena to-day is of the devil, so it was then, as the Jews said of him, "he hath a devil." The Bible from lid to lid is full of the truth and proof of spirit-return. I do not denounce God, nor Christianity; indeed, there is not the slightest reason for so doing.

Lorraine Hall, in this city, for spiritual meetings is crowded morning and evening, and over the platform in front is the only axiom we have: "Not by creeds, but by deeds, do good and be good, that is all." I will enclose a slip or two from the Cincinnati, Ohio, paper. If not because you care to read but because I desire you to. It would be useless to send you papers treating on the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism. I feel quite sure you would not read them, but this much I will add, that ten million earnest, honest, thinking men and women of the United States are at this time advocating the truth of spirit-return. If you can for a moment believe that we, as a family, are alone, to save your fears of our insanity, I will send a little wholesome reading for your stomach's sake. The trouble is with old fogies like yourself, pardon me, they have intellectual dyspepsia of the very worst sort, and nothing will digest, save the bread and milk diet of our grandfathers. The greatest and grandest truths of the Bible lie in their torpid stomachs indigested until the brain gets full to overflowing. Open the windows of your soul, let the sunshine of God's eternal truth dispel the lethargy from your spirit.

I have written much more than I intended when I began. Do not waste a moment's thought upon me. I used to hope I was on the right track, now I know it. This grand and glorious belief is teaching me daily that this life is but a fleeting show; that in the beautiful beyond, every aspiration, every wish, every hope of the thwarted and pinioned soul will be more than gratified; that God, the fountain of all life, is above, around, beneath, and over all; that he is the source from which springeth all good; that which we call the devil is only the evil in our own nature, and only present when we bid him come. The only devil is of our own making, consequently, if we keep our hearts pure and free from guile, our thoughts and aspirations must be pure. As ever, L. L. JACKSON.

PAPAL USURPATION.

To read the history of Popedom, is to review a train of events as foreign to the operations of Christianity as the exploits of Julius Caesar was to the works of the Lord. The chief employment of the Roman pontiff for many ages, consisted in raising and sending forth crusading armies, creating and deposing monarchs, levying tributes, giving laws, forming intrigues, sowing sedition, and all this under the holy name of Christianity.

Now let us look into the history of Popedom of the present age. Has it changed any? No!—emphatically, no! Certainly the Pope, under the existing state of affairs, can not equip and send forth armed bodies of men as his predecessors did, to conquer nations and subjugate empires under the rule of Popish Rome. Nevertheless, Rome sends forth thousands of men to all parts of the world, armed with the

commands of the Romish Church to use every means in their power, and to hesitate at nothing, that will tend to bring the object aimed at within the all-devouring grasp of Romanism. Examine the political history of the several nations at the present day, and at every turn you can discern Rome's masterly hand of intrigue. England, France, Austria, each and every one of them bowing down the knee before the Pope and entreating him to use his influence in settling various political differences amongst them.

Gladstone, England's grand old man, who, so many years ago, was the most outspoken opponent of Romanism, to-day beholds him completely under the control of that which he formerly so bitterly opposed. In London, hitherto considered the center of Protestantism, they have elected a Roman Catholic mayor, notwithstanding the fact that his duties as a Roman Catholic conflict with those of his office as mayor.

France also bows the knee in complete subjugation, and the royalist party, at the explicit commands of the Pope, relinquish forever their claims to the government of their country, rather than be under the ban of the Catholic Church. Germany's emperor makes a pilgrimage to Rome, kisses the toe of the Pope, and to-day there is a bill before the German Parliament to rescind the edict expelling the Jesuits from Germany, and to allow them to return, thereby enabling them once more to safely pursue their nefarious intrigues.

Austria, alarmed at the *entente cordiale* between France and Russia, sends an ambassador to the holy father, beseeching to intervene. There you have all the great nations of the old world, more or less subservient to Rome. Now let us turn for a moment to our own country, the land of liberty and freedom, and see to what point we are drifting. Rome to-day is more powerful in America than ever she was. Her intrigues on the political issues of this country are daily becoming more open and defiant, and, not content with meddling in politics, she is endeavoring to obtain control of our public educational system.

Citizens of America, how long will you close your ears and eyes to these startling facts? Awake, awake yourselves to the exigency of the case. There is no use, ostrich-like, burying your heads in the sands of your own fond hopes and ignoring the facts which really exist. A day of retribution is at hand, for the bow that is too tightly strung is always the one to rebound most fiercely. Protestantism, in its wrath, will arise and relegate to its proper place this all-devouring vampire.—*The American* (Omaha).

HERESY.

Rev. Madison C. Peters, of the Bloomingdale Reform Church, gave a sermon on heresy-hunters, well worth the hearing. He said in his prelude: "Heresy trials have been few and far between in our theological history. Lyman Beecher's trial stands first, and that record should be kept sacred in our history, along with the history of the burning of witches in Salem and the hanging of Quakers on Boston Common, to show to what bigoted extremes the self-styled defenders of orthodoxy can go. Albert Barnes was compelled to give up his pulpit for a time because some passage was found in his splendid commentaries which was construed into teaching a disbelief in a limited atonement. The Church remembers that trial with the blush of shame. David Swing was ruthlessly driven from the pulpit of the Church because he said things that did not square with the exact phrases of the Westminster Confession. That trial was a spiritual calamity to Chicago."

Therein he errs, for David Swing on a free platform has more influence than a score of Swings in a closed pulpit. One could scarcely wish for harder words than these: "The Westminster divines were as much divided as the New York Presbytery on the articles in the confession of faith, and the things that they carried were carried by a mere majority, with a strong protest against them. Shall what they did more than two hundred years ago constitute the spectacles through which we are to look upon our Bible to-day? The man for the hour is not he who lives to defend the thirty-nine articles or the five institutes, but he who lives to make this world wiser, holier, and happier. The creeds of the middle ages have no more to do with Christianity of Christ than the battle of Marathon had to do with the defeat of Benjamin Harrison. The minister who gets into a raging fever of passion because one of his brethren dared to express an opinion not indorsed by the Church fathers (Church grandmothers), is certainly a queer being to live in this progressive age. Just so long as the Church busies herself punishing men for having an opinion will there be indifference to religion, and the world will shrug its shoulders at the clergy and say with Dean Swift: 'There are three sexes, men, women, and preachers.' We welcome these brave utterances as heralding the day of freethought. As workers in the religious field, the progress of co-laborers is of interest, and we regard it as a duty to keep our readers posted in at least this position of Church news."

LITERARY REVIEW.

With the January number the name of the *Herald of Health* will be changed to *Journal of Hygiene and Herald of Health*. Dr. M. L. Holbrook, the editor and publisher, proposes a larger field than heretofore, including everything relating to the perfection and welfare of man.

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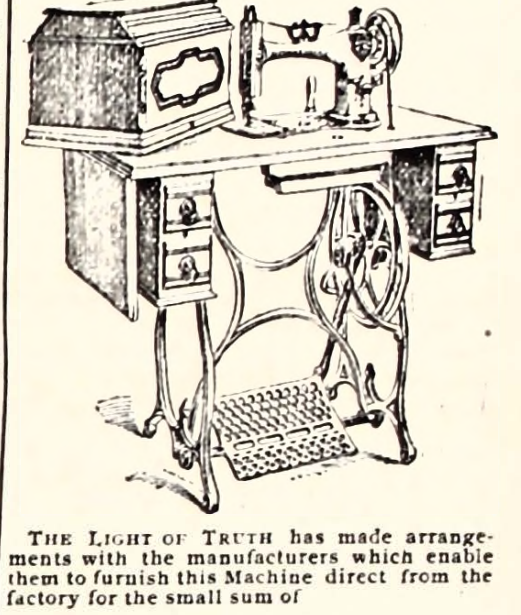
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NEWS FROM CORRESPONDENTS, Continued.

LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

—Mr. H. A. Archer, will give a number of trumpet and clairvoyant sittings to private individuals on application.

—For German spiritualistic literature or catalogue address Karl Siegemund, Berlin, W. 41, Mauer Strasse, 60, Germany.

—John Barnes, now of Thomasville, Ill., is in destitute circumstances, and any aid that can be extended him, will be gratefully received by addressing him as above.

—The Psychograph or Dial Planchette is for sale at this office. It makes a very appropriate Christmas present, or will repay the purchaser in the amusement or benefit that is to be derived from it. This mechanical spiritual medium is especially made for the home circle. Price \$4; postage free.

—The Ethical Spiritualists of Cincinnati will hold services Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at 227 Main Street (Lincoln Inn Court—first floor), this city. At 7:30 p. m. services will be held at Hayman's Hall, corner Fifth and Monmouth Streets, Newport, Ky., both services being conducted by Mrs. M. E. Ricker.

—Again have the marriage-bells been ringing for one of Cincinnati's favorite mediums. On November 21 a very quiet little wedding took place at Squire Watts' residence. The participants in this happy union were Wallace Hibbitts, of Muncie, Ind., and Mrs. Sadie Seery, of Dayton, O. May harmonious conditions be theirs to the end.

—W. S. Rowley, of Cleveland, O., writes that there will be a spiritual camp-meeting in central Florida this winter, and that arrangements have been made for the lowest excursion rates from all principal cities East of the Mississippi. Also lowest rates for board, rooms, etc. This will afford our Southern friends an opportunity of visiting a spiritual camp, and those of the North to get a whiff of genial Spring in the midst of Winter.

—We have received a supply of Willard J. Hall's great lecture, "Smoke-stacks and Sleepers." This is considered by those who have heard it one of Mr. Hall's best efforts. It brings out in sharp distinction the lines between churches and factories, as they appear to the advancement and betterment of mankind. No one should fail to have a copy of this speech. It is just the thing for wide-awake readers. See advertisement in another column.

—Mr. J. Frank Baxter's subjects last Sunday at the Union Society services were, "Pilgrimage vs. Puritan" in the morning and "Spiritualism and Morality" in the evening. As a suitable text to his evening's discourse he took a verse from the Bible (James 1, v. 27): "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unstained from the world." Every intelligent Spiritualist can almost infer from this *multum in parvo* text the nature of the speaker's discourse, for he held it more consistently and was more logical in his dissertation than some of the world's most popular preachers ever dare be, or are when in the pulpit. There was no sophistry in Mr. Baxter's argument—no tinsel speech to hide his hidden thought—no gush of meaningless words to confuse his hearers and leave them without the soul comfort that the masses are seeking to-day. Nor were the thoughts expressed by him a cold dish of unsympathetic ethics that are to be taken as a substitute for religion. No; he allowed for man's passions, his environments, the circumstances which surround him, and the influences with which he has to combat, both mortal and spiritual, and drew a line between blind faith and its antithesis. He pointed to nature and reason as the moulders of a true religion for all. He said nature's aim is to improve everything, and the exercise of reason by the individual will eventually aid him to understand his relations to the universe, though there are none so obtuse as those who will not understand. But these are to be left severely alone, for a man who has to be cajoled into a belief of any kind is not to be relied on in any sense. Mr. Baxter also dwelt largely on the sensitivities of the past and of to-day, saying that all who preached morality were not moral. They were only so when under a spell—under the guidance of an overpowering law—and may be acted upon for good or evil. Thus sensitiveness or mediumship was a dangerous ship to enter if it had no good captain in command. It therefore depended on the individual to build his character. But as Spiritualism appeals to men as they are, and not according to a standard erected by theology, it was more in conformity with nature than all past religions. It also differs from others because it comes to soothe and to demonstrate that the growth of this life is not suddenly arrested or checked in spirit life. It presents in a spirit world a land of continued progress—a counterpart of this. The objection of the Church to man's reasoning on such matters he set aside by quoting from Ingersoll, who said that God never gave a bird wings to damn it for flying. So he never gave man reason to damn him for using it. Religion says, be good, but ask no questions. Spiritualism says, be good, but find out all you can. Concerning hell, Mr. Baxter said it is better to teach how to get hell out of the man than for the man to keep out of hell. The former is sure to save him, while dogmatic teachings may be erroneous. The many crimes still extant does not speak well for the priests, considering that public moral teachings have been left to them. Spiritualism is not exclusive Church property; for true spirituality and true morality go hand in hand, and the moral man in all his practices is the truly religious man in nature. A conscientious Spiritualist is religious in this sense. Phenomenalists—those who simply believe in immortality—are not Spiritualists. Such may be found on the criminal dockets occasionally, side by side with their Christian neighbors, who believe in a higher life without practicing its moral teachings. To teach a man spiritually requires that he be educated morally. But we may rejoice, as the signs of the times are auspicious. Pen and press are active in advocating a higher religion. The morning light is dawning, and the sons of earth are arising from their slumbers to awaken to a new era. Some twenty spirit tests were given after the lecture. Next Sunday Mr. Baxter will hold services in commemoration of Christmas.

Wichita, Kan.

Dr. Isaac Lee, inspirational lecturer, test medium, and eclectic physician, of 224 North Main Street, writes: "When I came to this city there was no society here, no meetings, and as discouraging prospects ahead as any lecturer could find anywhere. However there were some yet remaining in Israel. Judge Tucker, Sisters Dean and Smith, and two others to rally around the cause."

Lectures were advertised, and on each Sunday evening for three months, the meetings have been growing in numbers and enthusiasm. Classes have been formed, readings, true in every particular given, and a spiritual awakening all over the city the consequence. When I came here for four Sundays I was forced to lecture without singing, there being no one to aid in this essential part of spiritual exercise and condition. Now we have a large class of singers, growing better with each recurring meeting.

I had two pressing invitations to go elsewhere, each from very wealthy Spiritualists, but the people here refused to let me go. To illustrate: They have formed a society of forty-five members, and raised money to secure a hall for the winter; also singing, and other books, etc., and I have promised to remain until Spring and help them.

Sheriff Ault and his accomplished wife have become members through the tests given; also Dr. Jones, regular M. D., Dr. J. Trissal, and many other prominent and influential citizens, and if we can only keep out all mountebank mediums who profess to exhibit serene and pure-minded spirits at a dollar a head, we will have one of the best societies that can be found in the West. For God's sake do try and help me to do so, my brother.

Sister Allen, one of the angels' own true, pure hearted workers was here last Sunday, and said "that the people put not—the angels would not let (me) go." I hope all will help. I try to live a pure life—a life that no orthodox minister can hope to excel. If all would do this we would soon have the "Assembly" in heaven and that of earth, but one body in the oneness of the spirit.

I found the Unitarians, as usual, trying to prevent the growth of a spiritual society here. Everywhere they are at this work, to the injury of our papers, publishing houses, and the upbuilding of their own houses. The attention of Spiritualists should be called to this matter.

Poor old Mother Walters and Father Walters, faithful souls, are zealous workers, but both being about eighty years of age, can do but little, except help with their presence.

Among the well-known mediums who have become members of the society in Wichita since I came here, there are several others whose names I will give you in a future letter. Dr. L. J. Jones, regular M. D. and magnetic physician; Dr. Joseph M. Trissal, magnetic healer; Mrs. Dr. Maria Newson, magnetic healer and test medium; Dr. E. C. Blanchard, magnetic healer; Mrs. Dr. S. C. Smith, magnetic healer; Dr. M. A. Pratt, homeopathic and magnetic healer.

NOTES FROM ALL POINTS.

Indianapolis, Ind.—The Spiritualists continue to hold in interesting Sunday night meetings in Lorraine Hall, this city. The small admission fee charged places each person in a respectable standing. The example to Liberals outside of this liberal organization might be heeded with good results.—*Ironclad Age.*

Kingsville, O.—Dr. Otis T. Jones writes that the Spiritualists of this locality have reorganized and will hold Sunday afternoon meetings regularly hereafter; and that Mrs. Celia Loucks has been recently addressing the friends there, and much to their gratification. This lady is highly commended by the doctor.

Portland, Ore.—One of our correspondents writes that the cause is steadily growing in Portland, and a good test medium would be well sustained just now. Local mediums are being developed, of which some are good and promising. Among these are Mrs. Bruce, slate-writing; Mrs. Flora A. Brown, clairvoyant; Mrs. French, magnetic healer; and S. B. Hendee, trance speaker. These are all reliable people and an honor to the cause.

New Orleans, La.—A correspondent writes that a reception was given at the residence of Wm. Kline, vice president of the local society, in honor of Bishop A. Beals, who has been serving the Spiritualists of that city recently. Among the guests present were Dr. Benson and daughter, Captain Kue, Hon. A. C. Ladd, Wm. Brodie, Miss Betts, Mrs. Ibery, Mrs. Kline, and Miss Mabel Kline. As part of the evening's program a séance for physical manifestations was held, with Webster St. Ceran, as medium.

Fall River, Mass.—N. U. Lyon writes that though no meetings are being held at present, a number of mediums are keeping the cause alive by their work. Miss Jennie Warren, of California, has good success as a public medium. Mrs. Lizzie Barrett, a local medium, is also good, but lacks appreciation by those who ought to lend a helping hand. Miss Mary B. Williams, honest and earnest of purpose, also does her share to aid the cause. When our people get hungry for the spiritual we will probably revive our public meetings.

Dubuque, Ia.—F. C. Steinhart writes: "The Sunday-school at Liberty Hall grows more interesting every Sunday, and after the classes the little ones contribute to the entertainment by recitations from the platform, which you will know they enjoy when I tell you that fifteen of them added to the interest of the meeting by doing so last Sunday. The school is open to all, and it has been Dr. Adams' aim to gather in the little ones who had nowhere else to go, and make them feel welcome and happy among the rest. The reflex action on one's own spirit, which must come to all who have helped to make the school a success, is ample remuneration for every effort made."

Rockford, Mich.—On my arrival, December 10th, at this place found a goodly number of the society (said to be the oldest in the State) convened for their regular quarterly meeting. At the conclusion of the Saturday p. m. lecture, Mrs. Lindsay, of Grand Rapids, the well-known test medium, entertained the audience with convincing descriptions and names of spirit friends. She was accompanied by her husband who assists her in her private circles. Sunday both services were given to a full house. Again Mrs. Lindsay followed the lectures with tests which were well received. They are doing a good work. It was my good fortune to have the privilege of listening to W. S. Colville at Grand Rapids en route to Osego, Mich., where I am at present. Mrs. A. E. SHEETS.

Minneapolis, Minn.—I would like to state through your paper that the Spiritual Research Society of South Minneapolis held its annual meeting on Thursday evening, December 1st, and elected their officers for the ensuing year. Following are the names of the elected: W. J. Stewart, president; Thomas J. Grose, vice-president; Alfred Edlund, secretary; Mrs. F. A. Nelson, treasurer. Executive Committee: Mrs. Jennie M. Reynolds, Miss Lottie Wold, and N. K. Nelson. After the election the retiring president read an address, which was very interesting, as well as encouraging. He stated that during the past year our society had been growing slowly but surely, and our books showed twenty-eight names, and he hoped the new officers would far exceed the old ones, and bring the society above the standard. The financial standing of the society is excellent.—Yours respectfully, J. A. Steele.

Hamilton, Can.—Mrs. Jacobs, from Indianapolis, Ind., has arrived and is the guest of Mr. George Maddocks, 41 Tom Street. Quite a number of people have attended her seances, and have received reliable evidence that their loved ones in spirit life have been able to communicate through the trumpet. In one case a stranger present received a message from his sister, who gave her two Christian names, and said her brother had a ring on his finger whereon was engraved her Christian and surname. This was acknowledged to be the case. Wm. Jacobs was present at the public service on Sunday, and spoke a few words of loving encouragement to the audience present, afterwards the chief control of Mr. G. W. Walrond (Hamadrydes) gave a most excellent and stirring discourse on the subjects handed up by the audience, the principal theme being "Obsession and its relation to spirit control."—Cor.

Cleveland, O.—For the past five Winters Professor D. M. King has been employed by prominent citizens of Cleveland, O., as a teacher and instructor in the sciences of phenology and psychology. He has delivered over three hundred lectures in the city during this time. Now he is re-engaged for another term, holding meetings on Saturday evening in Templar Hall, 50 Euclid Avenue. Present course continues until February 26, 1893. Out of his work here has come into prominence "The Cleveland Institute of Phenology and Psychology," having been incorporated in 1887, and now has grown into one of the most thorough schools of its kind in the West. Ladies and gentlemen are admitted to all classes upon an equal footing. Members are admitted any time. The board has added this Winter another instructor, Professor H. Day Gould, who has been long and favorably known as a student, writer, and teacher in scientific and metaphysical research. Remember the place and dates, and pay a visit at least to this institute of learning, and see for yourself the importance of this work.—Student.

Aspen, Colo.—The work goes on here in a steady manner. Our meetings are fairly well attended. Prospects good for a continuous work with added facilities. The associated work has not been fully organized, but has taken on a thorough system, with constitutional provisions, and a board of nine trustees, with the following officers: J. E. Freeman, president; S. Cramer, vice-president; M. J. Carr, treasurer; Geo. L. Sanborn, financial secretary; Mrs. Alta Norton, corresponding secretary. The association is named "The First Spiritual Church," of Aspen, Colorado, and will, in good time, doubtless, have its own edifice. The present meetings are held in the neat and commodious P. O. S. of A. Hall. Mrs. Kates and self held three meetings in the Opera House at Grand Junction, December 5th, 6th, and 7th. They were well attended, and created an interest that succeeded in the organization of a local society. I have not received the report of the officers elected, but the leaders seemed to be Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Brandish, and Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Steele. We go from here to Colorado Springs to serve the friends there during January.—Fraternally, G. W. Kates.

"Presbyterianism, Jesuitism, or the Gospel; which shall the ministers preach?"—That is the way in which the Cincinnati daily papers announce in flaming headlines the heresy trial of Prof. Smith. When the jury of Presbyterian ministers begin to accuse each other of Jesuitism, it looks as if they were almost at the end of their string. Jesus said: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." How startling it would be if the ministers should try to preach that kind of a gospel.—*Golden Rule.*

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OBITUARY.

Passed to spirit life at her home on November 10th, 1892, at Brookvale, Brown Co., N. Y., of pneumonia, Mrs. Patience Taber in the seventy-fourth year of her age. She was loving and kind to all and a firm believer in our philosophy, she was possessed of many spiritual gifts and is the grandmother of Dr. H. T. Stanley, the well-known lecturer and platform test medium. M. C. L.

Will Hunstable, passed to spirit life on November 8th after an illness of only a few days. He was the first enrolled member of the First Spiritual Society of Dallas, Tex., and was an earnest and enthusiastic worker. He leaves a wife and children. Peace to his spirit. L. V. MCC.

Passed to spirit life November 26, 1892, in Cazenovia, N. Y., Amanda C. Babcock, aged eighty-eight years. Four children survive her—Mrs. Abigail A. Carpenter, of Delphi, N. Y.; Mrs. Marietta Dyer, of Kendleville, Ind.; Mrs. Jane Howell, of Delphi, N. Y.; and Eli Babcock, of Canton, O. The interment of the remains took place at Delphi, N. Y. M. CARPENTER.

Born to spirit life, from Ashtabula, O., Brother Calvin Wilcox, A. E., aged seventy-five years. He was an old-time Spiritualist, always outspoken in his views, and has been used for twenty years as a clairvoyant and healer by the spirit world. His transition was a calm and peaceful one. He requested that Mrs. Carrie C. Van Duzee, of Geneva, O., should officiate at his funeral. REPORTER.

Passed to spirit life from Aspen, Colo., Saturday, November 12th, Mrs. Elizabeth Tarrant Lutes, wife of D. E. Lutes. A bride only since September 21st last, the affliction caused by the spiritual transition is a heavy one, but the husband has the assurance that he shall often have her presence and enjoy sweet communion. Services were conducted by Mrs. Kates, assisted by Rev. Kallston, of the Presbyterian Church, and the writer. G. W. KATES.

Passed to the higher life November 9th, John W. Weeks, aged fifty-seven years. The deceased was taken ill at Pittsburg some four weeks ago when his wife was sent for. He recovered so as to be taken to his home where he afterwards relapsed, and all that medical aid and skill could do failed to restore him. He passed peacefully away on November 9th, leaving a devoted wife, two noble sons, and two daughters to mourn the loss of an affectionate, kind, and devoted husband and father. BUTLER, PA.

Again we are compelled to lay to rest the remains of another highly esteemed brother, when we bid farewell to Wm. G. Dannebeck. We did not think the change so near that would take him from the material world. Mr. Dannebeck left his place of business October 31st about 9 p. m., leaving word that he was going to a spiritual seance. He fell on the steps and broke his leg, from which he suffered great pain, until November 9th, 11:30 p. m., when he passed to spirit life. Mr. Dannebeck was forty-five years old and had many friends. Once his friend, always so. He was raised a Catholic, but the past two years had, by investigating, become a Spiritualist, and was always ready to protect and stand up for the cause. The Sunday evening after he was born to spirit life he returned with a message to comfort those who were bereaved by his transition and was thankful for what knowledge he had gained through Spiritualism. His desire and wishes are for all spiritual ones, to help him grow in strength that he may return to earth through some sensitive and continue to labor for humanity in its struggle for the light. While we miss your presence, brother, here in sight, we know that you are here just the same. MRS. M. A. TUSSEY.

Maria Hoffmann departed this life December 5th in the thirty-first year of her age from her home in Milan, O. She was a lovely woman and adorned the new home over which she presided. The funeral on the 7th inst. was one of the largest ever held in this locality. After remarks and prayer by a German minister, Hudson Tuttle gave an address full of sympathy and the tenderness and consolation of the spiritual philosophy.

Departed to a higher life from her home in Milan, O., Mrs. Samuel Fish, aged sixty-eight years, one month, and fifteen days. She was born in the town of Marcellus, N. Y.; and married Samuel Fish February 20, 1844. In 1864 they removed to Milan, O., where they have since resided. In 1850 she joined the Church and became an active member. Some years after, with characteristic benevolence, she adopted a crippled little girl, who became a medium, and such were the wonderful messages given that she became convinced and has ever since been a firm believer, with increasing faith, and what is more, she carried the highest precepts of the spiritual philosophy into her daily life. She showed at last that it was not only good enough to live by but to die by. She was a warm and true friend, ready to make any sacrifice, and few know of her constant charities and unwearied efforts to assist those dependent upon her. T.

Incribed to our arisen friend and brother, Alex. Hale, who passed to the higher life November 10th. Mr. Hale was a firm believer in the truths of Spiritualism, a member of the Friends of Human Progress and, in days of health, an earnest worker for the cause ever dear to him. He was a radical and consistent temperance advocate.

Brother truth shed all its glory
O'er the hidden way for thee.
Life and light was all the story
Of the grave's deep mystery.
Angel watchers stood beside thee
O'er the troubled waves to guide thee.
Angels set the mystic sail—
Drew aside the mortal veil.

Death for thee held no surprises,
For thy way had long been plain.
Rising as the incense rises
From the burning of the grain.
From the binding thrall of pain;
From the dear ones pressing round thee
To the dear ones who had bound thee
Long with their immortal love
To the better land above.

'Twas the darkness burst asunder
And the sunlight broad and free.
To thy soul the only wonder

Was how sweet the truth could be.
'Twas the joy of health—the pleasure
Of rich strength in fullest measure.
All that earth life had denied
Waited there across the tide.

Brother, see! the gate immortal
Whence you passed is open still.
O'er its wondrous, shining portal
You may come and go at will.
Bring us then sweet gleams of beauty
From that land of higher duty.
It will aid us on our way
Through the shadows dim and gray.

North Collins, N. Y. EMMA TRAIN.

Wichita, Kan.

Mrs. M. T. Allen has again pleased her many friends by a visit to the scene of her operations over a year ago when she organized us. She gave one of her eloquent lectures Sunday evening, December 11th, at the Spiritualists' hall. She lectured under inspiration upon different subjects chosen by the audience, such as "Materialization," "Various conditions of spirit life in the other world," etc. These were handled clearly and forcibly. It was remarked by the listeners that her spiritual gifts were of a high order as evinced by the beautiful and philosophic lecture. After the lecture she gave some fine tests to over half a dozen. All were strangers here and admitted the correctness of the tests. There were some who are investigating Spiritualism after receiving her tests. Her friends wish her the good fortune she deserves. The society is now receiving new life and promises to show revival of interest. X.

Christmas 1892—New Year 1893.

The Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern R. R. will sell excursion tickets December 24th, 25th, 26th, and 31st and January 1st and 2d, good for return passage to and including January 3d, 1893, at one and one-third fare for the round trip as follows: Between all stations on its lines; from stations west of East Monroe to all points on the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. west of and including Pittsburg and Sandusky, via Midland City, and from all principal stations to points on the Ohio & Mississippi R. R.; Queen & Crescent Route; Kentucky Central R. R.; Louisville & Nashville R. R.; Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis R. R.; Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis R. R.; Newport News & Mississippi Valley R. R.; Louisville, New Orleans & Texas R. R.; Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton R. R.; via Cincinnati, Musselman or Wellston; Cleveland, Akron & Columbus R. R.; Valley R. R.; via Midland City; Ohio Southern R. R.; via Thurston or via Jackson; Columbus, Rock Island Valley & Toledo R. R.; via McArthur Junction or via Athens; Ohio Central lines via Athens; Toledo & Ohio Central R. R. Extension, via Stewart Ohio River R. R.; via Peckersburg; Cleveland & Marietta R. R.; via Marietta; Zanesville & Ohio River R. R.; via Marietta.

For further information inquire of ticket agents.

Referring to the use of alkalies and other chemicals in the cocoas made by the Dutch process, one of the leading physicians in Boston says: "I would say that while some persons and certain conditions of the system might bear without injury dilute alkaline liquids taken at not frequent intervals, yet the great majority of persons and those with a sensitive stomach could not bear the daily use of such liquids without serious injury. It would produce gastritis or inflammation of the mucous membrane of the stomach, of varying degree, according to the frequency and amount taken and the susceptibility of the person. This would be accompanied with many of the systems of dyspepsia, and if carried to any considerable extent, with troublesome eruption of the skin, and not infrequently with serious disturbance of the functions of the kidneys. I certainly think its long continuance would be dangerous." W. Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure and healthful, no patent process, alkalies or dyes used in its manufacture.

Spiritual Camp in Florida.

Through the co-operation of Northern and Southern Spiritualists a meeting will be held this year at De Leon Springs, Florida, for the purpose of organizing a National Spiritual Camp and Health Resort. Good speaking and music will be provided and arrangements made for very low rates at hotels, boarding houses, and for furnished rooms. Excursions to start about January 25, 1893. Full particulars later. Everybody invited and hearty co-operation of all solicited. For further information address

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